

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,585

APRIL 14, 1900

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,585.—VOL. LXI.
Registered as a Newspaper

EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1900

FORTY PAGES

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. C. MILLS

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

Her Majesty made her entry into Dublin through the old city gates erected at Leeson Street Bridge. This scene was exquisitely picturesque. The old castle fortress, a reproduction of one of the famous city towers, erected for the occasion, is in the Elizabethan form of architecture, after the style of Baginbora Castle, one of the famous strongholds of the Earls Fitzwilliam, who in the days of Cromwell held out against

many a bloody siege. The structure put up consists of two tall towers, flanking a gateway twenty feet wide. From the parapets above flew the green civic standards with the arms of Dublin, and over the gateway was erected the mast on which the Royal Standard was run up when the Queen drove beneath

THE QUEEN'S ENTRY INTO DUBLIN: PASSING THROUGH THE OLD CITY GATE

Topics of the Week

Work for the Recess

IN the present state of public affairs the Easter recess will bring but little diminution of anxiety, though it may give our politicians a measure of surcease from actual work. The situation in South Africa is no longer gloomy, but the work before us is still a formidable one, and we have had abundant warning during the last fortnight that it will not be accomplished without heavy sacrifices. And beyond the military task lies a political problem to which we cannot look without some amount of mis-giving. One of the first duties of Parliament when it reassembles will be to give its decision on the question of Annexation. Members will do well to ponder this question during the fortnight's holiday they have now before them. It is a momentous question, for on it hangs not only the peace of South Africa, but to a great extent the integrity of the Empire, of which our position in South Africa is an indispensable safeguard. Now, if this peace can be secured without annexation it would obviously be the duty of the Government to resist that policy. "We seek no territory," said Lord Salisbury last November, and he said wisely. Our Imperial responsibilities are as heavy as we can bear, and no one who has measured the strain imposed on our resources by the present war can wish that they should be increased. The question is whether abstention from annexation would really diminish our responsibilities, whether, in short, it would ensure an enduring peace in South Africa. The sponsors of the resolution to be submitted to the House of Commons on this subject will do well to devote themselves to this practical aspect of the question alone. The sentimental view, of which we have heard so much lately, will impress nobody. Whatever the policy that is to be pursued, it will have to be justified on utilitarian grounds alone. It will have to be shown that under that policy we shall not again be exposed to the risks and sacrifices involved in the war in which we are now engaged. To us it seems that the position has already been conclusively answered by Lord Salisbury in his reply to the Boer overtures for peace. Lord Salisbury pointed out that the policy of preserving the independence of the Boer Republics had led to war, and he adopted the reasonable conclusion that if the effect was to be avoided in the future the cause should be eliminated. For fifty years we have tried the policy of independence, with the result that we have had unbroken worries during the whole of that period, and in the end a war that has shaken the Empire. The opponents of annexation will probably agree that certain guarantees should be required from the Republics to secure us against a repetition of the anxieties we have been compelled to endure. But what effectual guarantees could they recommend? Disarmament? Nothing is easier to elude. Already the Boers are concealing arms, and even cannon, on a large scale, and once they were allowed their independence they would use it to store up fresh munitions of war. Then again, we are told that the emancipation of the Uitlanders will itself be a sufficient security for us. It has, however, yet to be shown that the Boers would grant a full emancipation. If they did, their own independence would, *ipso facto*, disappear, and consequently they would have no reason to stipulate for it in any treaty of peace. If they did not, the old situation, with all its worries and dangers, would remain absolutely unchanged. It will be interesting to see how the anti-annexationists deal with these and similar difficulties. We ask nothing better than to be convinced that we can safely avoid annexation.

Ireland and the Queen

"Ah, if only the Queen could go to Ireland herself she would take the whole country by storm, and you would see a blaze of loyalty such as never has been seen before. But, of course, at her age it is impossible. It is too late." Those words were spoken by an Irishwoman in London the day before the Queen's determination to visit Ireland was announced. The impossible has now been done. In spite of her eighty-one years the Queen has gone to Ireland, has faced the fatigue of prolonged and repeated ceremonials, has braved the risk of insult or worse from over-wrought or under-brained fanatics. How grave this latter risk was and is, the attack on the Prince of Wales has shown. The success of the Queen's great enterprise has been such as only Irishmen and Irishwomen could foresee. In the face of their Sovereign Unionist and Nationalist have forgotten for a moment their differences, and perhaps have forgotten for more than a moment the bitterness with which those differences are generally debated. Indeed, it is not altogether vain to hope that the visit of Queen Victoria to Ireland may prove a turning point in Irish history. One does not expect Protestants to agree with Catholics about the infallibility of the Pope, nor Unionists with Nationalists about the merits of the Act of Union; but Ireland can never be a nation as long as differences of opinion on such points as these lead to the maintenance of a savagely bitter feud. By the manner of her visit the Queen is forcing upon Irishmen of all parties the fact that they are one people, and when that fact has been fully realised, Ireland will take her place with Canada and Australia, with Scotland, Wales and England as one of the sister nations in a mighty Empire.

A Gratifying Unanimity

THE practical unanimity with which Continental and American organs of public opinion have condemned, in befitting language, the attempted assassination of the Prince of Wales, will, at all events, show His Royal Highness how great is his popularity abroad, as well as at home. As for the foul crime itself, nothing further needs to be said but to express sympathy with its intended victim and with the august Family to which he is so dear. Nor does it much matter whether Anarchism, or Pro-Boerism, or both combined, formed the evil influence which moved a half-witted lad to seek to achieve fame through infamy. The real matter of consequence is, as some Continental contemporaries emphasise, that it should be open to any person to scatter about incitements to crime directed against Royal and other eminent personages. The actual perpetrators are generally brought to justice, but their cowardly instigators, who deserve much sharper punishment, invariably escape scot-free. There seems very little, if any, doubt that Sipido had been worked upon in this manner; the seed of mischief was scattered, and he chanced to pick it up. Possibly, therefore, the universal abhorrence of his crime, which has found expression even in countries not over well disposed to Great Britain, may prepare the way for some international concordat for the suppression of public incitements to commit murderous outrages on Royal personages.

The Rising in Ashanti

THE Dark Continent displays symptoms of unrest in almost every direction. France and Germany find themselves with plenty of rough work on their hands, while Great Britain has to confront a rebellion in Ashantiland. Since Piempel's deportation the country appeared to have settled down quietly and to be well content with the substitution of civilised rule for barbarous. But travellers who penetrated into the interior gave warning that the name of England was a name and nothing more to the more distant tribes. It is possible, therefore, that the present outbreak is their work much more than that of the Ashantis proper, although the latter would join heartily enough in any uprising which held out promise of fighting and plunder. Happily there is no reason to feel the slightest misgiving about the safety of the English at Kumasi. Not only is the fort absolutely impregnable in itself, but the disciplined Haussa garrison could be depended upon, even in the open, to deal with ten times their number of indigenous troops. All the same, peace will never be secure in this nearly inaccessible part of Her Majesty's dominions until the railway now in course of construction connects the littoral with Kumasi. Whether the Ashanti goldfields are as rich as their prospectors declare may, perhaps, be open to question. But there is no question whatever about the enormous possibilities of trade with the interior which lie ready for realisation by British capital and enterprise.

A New Bishopric

IN view of the splendid munificence of churchmen whenever called upon to support undertakings of demonstrable utility, it cannot be doubted for a moment that the Bishop of Rochester's appeal will meet with quick and generous response. He asks for a large sum of money—£130,000—to endow the proposed Bishopric of Southwark. But more than a fifth is already subscribed or promised without any public appeal being made. There could be no stronger proof that the creation of this new Metropolitan See is felt to be absolutely necessary if the work of the Church in South London is to be infused with vitality. It is an anomaly, and something more, that this densely peopled portion of the ever-growing capital of the Empire should belong, ecclesiastically, to the See of Rochester. That extraordinary arrangement served tolerably well as a makeshift, but London has largely outgrown the limits it had thirty years ago, and it would be simply ridiculous for the Church to stand still. Her destiny is to advance as human progress advances, and should the creation of the Southwark See fail to accomplish that mission, the question of converting the whole Metropolis into a Province, under a third Archbishop, will come to the front. For the time being, however, it will suffice to endow a South London Bishopric.

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Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

THERE are still many members of Parliament, men who themselves and misrepresent others, who are convinced the House of Commons is a club designed for the use of you of peers and of elder sons of prominent country gentlemen. They contend that the House should not sit until the hunting is virtually closed, and should rise before the shooting commences. These mediæval-minded members are much to be pitied, for, it is said, that the House may have to sit throughout the summer and autumn months this year unless the war in South Africa is brought to a successful close before the end of the London season.

It is obvious that Parliament cannot—or should not—be prorogued while the situation in South Africa continues so critical as it is. It is also obvious that, when the campaign is over, the stage at which terms of peace have to be imposed, the Government will have to give the House an early opportunity to discuss the policy which is to direct the negotiations. There are only three months and a half now before the time when Parliament is generally prorogued. Is it possible that members may neglect their midsummer holidays and their sport?

Lord Londonderry is an able and a popular man, and, in the circumstances his appointment to the Post Office would be a general satisfaction. Unfortunately for Lord Londonderry, Mr. Henniker Heaton has so conspicuously identified himself with the development and reform of that department that many consider he had earned the right to be appointed Postmaster-General should a vacancy arise. It is incomprehensible that the Government should so resolutely ignore Mr. Henniker Heaton as it has. The unexpected resignation of the Duke of Norfolk afforded an opportunity of appointing Mr. Heaton to replace him. That has been ignored.

It was predicted last week in this column that Lord Cadogan would be created a Marquis or a Duke to commemorate the visit of the Queen to Ireland. The paragraph has inspired the following letter:—"Sir,—You cannot have heard, or you must have forgotten, the report which was current when the present Ministry was being formed. It was then generally said in Ministerial circles that Lord Cadogan was induced to accept office by being promised a dukedom at the close of his Lord-Lieutenantship." That certainly was said at the time. Lord Cadogan is enormously rich, and the falling in of the leases on his London estate will greatly add to his wealth. Whether the promise was made or was not, his promotion to the dukedom would be neither surprising nor unbecoming.

There is much reason for fearing that the political career of Lord Salisbury is hurrying to a close, and that the General Election will be the limit of his Ministerial labours. That forecast has revived the rumours which were current at the time of the last Jubilee celebrations. It was then known that the Queen had again offered to bestow a dukedom upon Lord Salisbury, but that he had refused the offer, though several members of his family were in favour of accepting it. At the close of his political career it is obvious the offer will be renewed and there are those who maintain Lord Salisbury will then accept the honour. Of course he will never think of obscuring the name which has become famous through the ages, and therefore the only change would be that the marquess would be changed into a dukedom, and that the head of the family would be Duke of Salisbury instead of Marquis of Salisbury.

The incidence of the war falls on unexpected places. As war was declared before the club subscriptions for 1900 became due, most of the men who have gone to the front have been absolved from paying the full amount. Seeing how many who are members of clubs have gone to the front, it is obvious that this has considerably diminished the normal income of these institutions. The military clubs are, of course, terrible sufferers by that, and if the war is prolonged into another year more than one club of the kind will have to face a crisis. Of course the vacancies caused by the death of members in South Africa will increase the amount paid in the shape of entrance fees, but it remains to be seen whether the increase in that direction will balance the decrease in the other.

Ingenuity and enterprise in this essentially active age seem to have no limits. A London house agent writes to his clients, advising them to buy deer forests as the war in South Africa will inevitably develop the taste for stalking! He argues that many rich men are now at the front stalking the enemy behind boulders, and that a taste for stalking is sure to arise in them from this circumstance, and, therefore, that the value of deer forests will increase materially. There is a grain of truth possibly in the argument, for rifle shooting will certainly be more popular after this war than it was.

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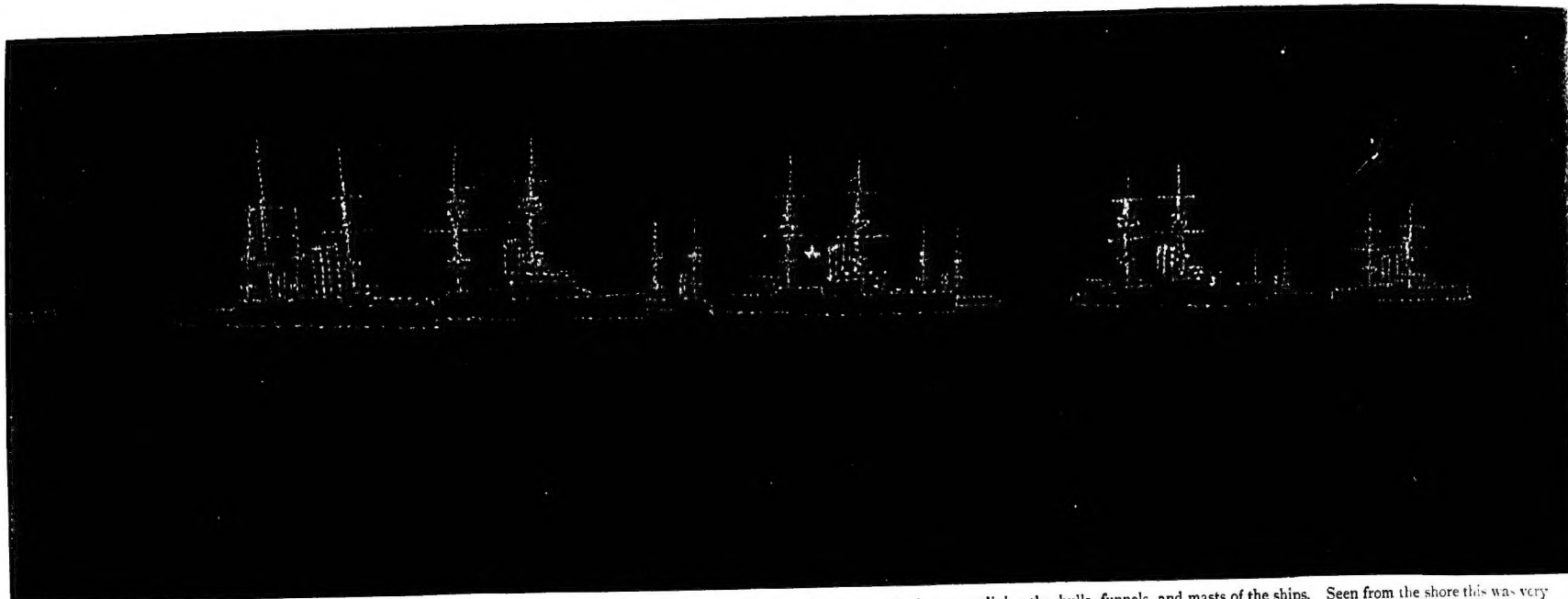
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On Wednesday in last week the ships of the Channel Squadron, being in Kingstown Harbour, were illuminated with electric lamps, outlining the hulls, funnels, and masts of the ships. Seen from the shore this was very beautiful, as only the lights could be seen.

THE QUEEN IN DUBLIN: THE ILLUMINATION OF THE SHIPS OF THE CHANNEL FLEET IN KINGSTOWN HARBOUR

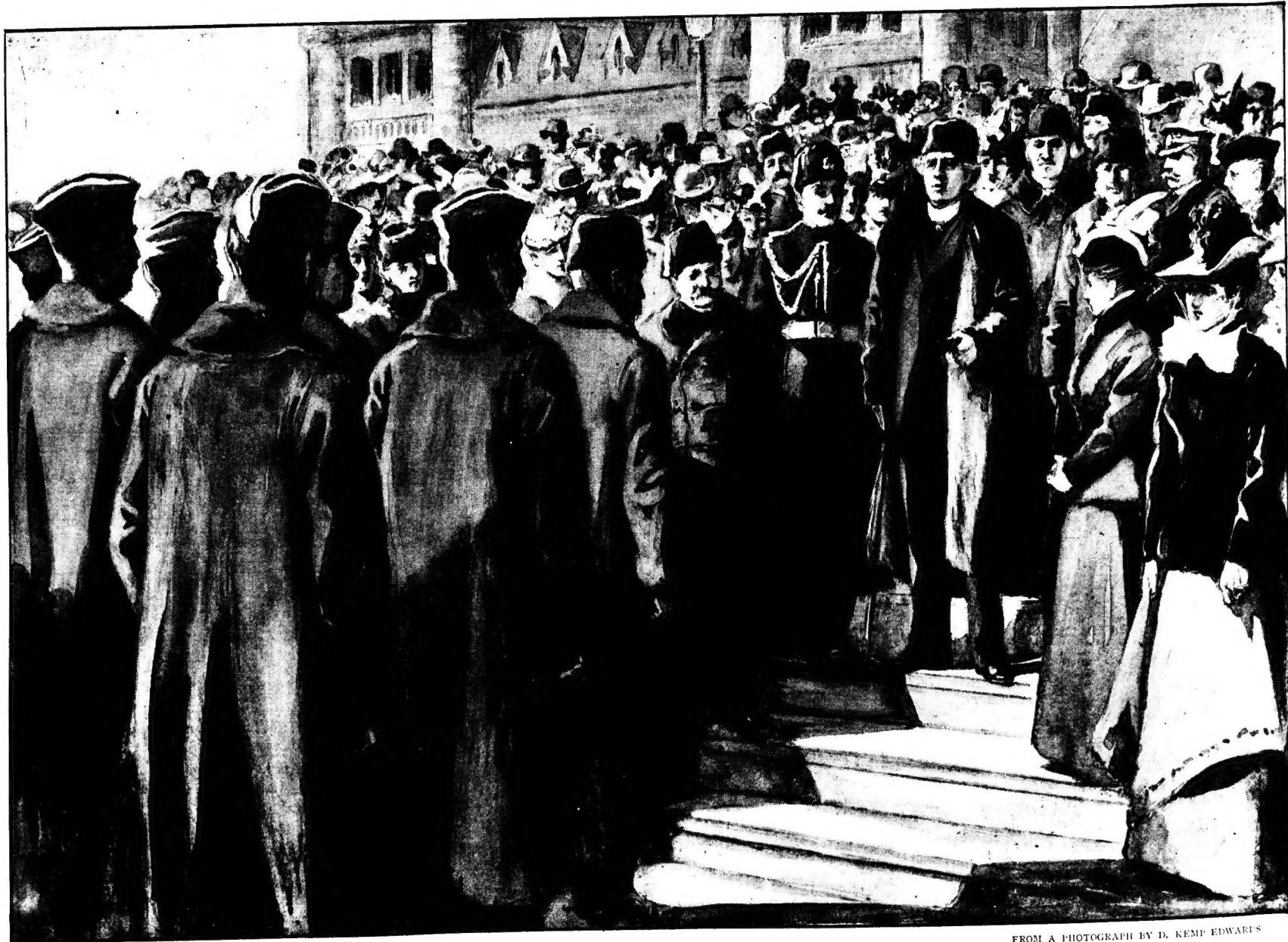
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, HAROLD WYLLIE

SIR W. LAURIER AND STRATHCONA'S HORSE

LORD STRATHCONA'S regiment paraded on March 8 through Ottawa. Although they did not leave until the 12th, the Governor-General bade the corps farewell on Parliament Hill. Both Sir W. Laurier and Sir C. Tupper spoke

eloquently. The Premier referred to Lord Strathcona as the Grand Old Man of Canada who had shown such a splendid example of patriotism and munificence. He counselled the regiment to temper force with mercy and so assist in reconciling a noble, though beaten, foe to the blessings of British rule. In conclusion, the Premier said:—"With all my heart I wish you God-speed;

the only recommendation I make to you is to be true to your country, be true to the noble example of those who have gone before, and, above all things, be Canadians." Colonel Steele expressed his regret that Lord Strathcona was not present, and stated that the regiment had been recruited from a territory covering a million square miles, some men having travelled from Yukon and the Peace River district.



DRAWN BY A. S. FOYD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D. KEMP EDWARDS

SIR WILFRID LAURIER BIDDING THE REGIMENT FAREWELL ON PARLIAMENT HILL

THE DEPARTURE OF LORD STRATHCONA'S HORSE FROM OTTAWA



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

The Queen on her entry into Dublin was preceded by Athlone Pursuivant-at-Arms, who demanded at the old city gate Her Majesty's admittance to the Lord Mayor. This having been granted, Athlone Pursuivant retired, and the gates were closed. A bugler, stationed over the gateway, then blew a blast, and the gates were thrown open again, and the Queen's procession

THE QUEEN IN DUBLIN:

passed in. The scene that met her eyes was most picturesque. The old Castle, looking realistically grim and antique, the long stretch of Leeson Street, ablaze with burning, the Fusiliers in double lines, the Corporation in their robes of office, and the stands of the Reception Committee richly draped, the Mayor's tip-slaves in blue and silver, the herald and the beccaters

THE LORD MAYOR PRESENTING THE CIVIC KEYS TO HER MAJESTY

at the gates, the various uniforms, and the sunlight on all, made a charming picture. The Lord Mayor was presented to the Queen by the Home Secretary, and humbly tendered to Her Majesty the three keys of the city and the Civic Sword. The Queen touched the sword and the keys, and ordered them to be returned to the Lord Mayor

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. C. BULLS

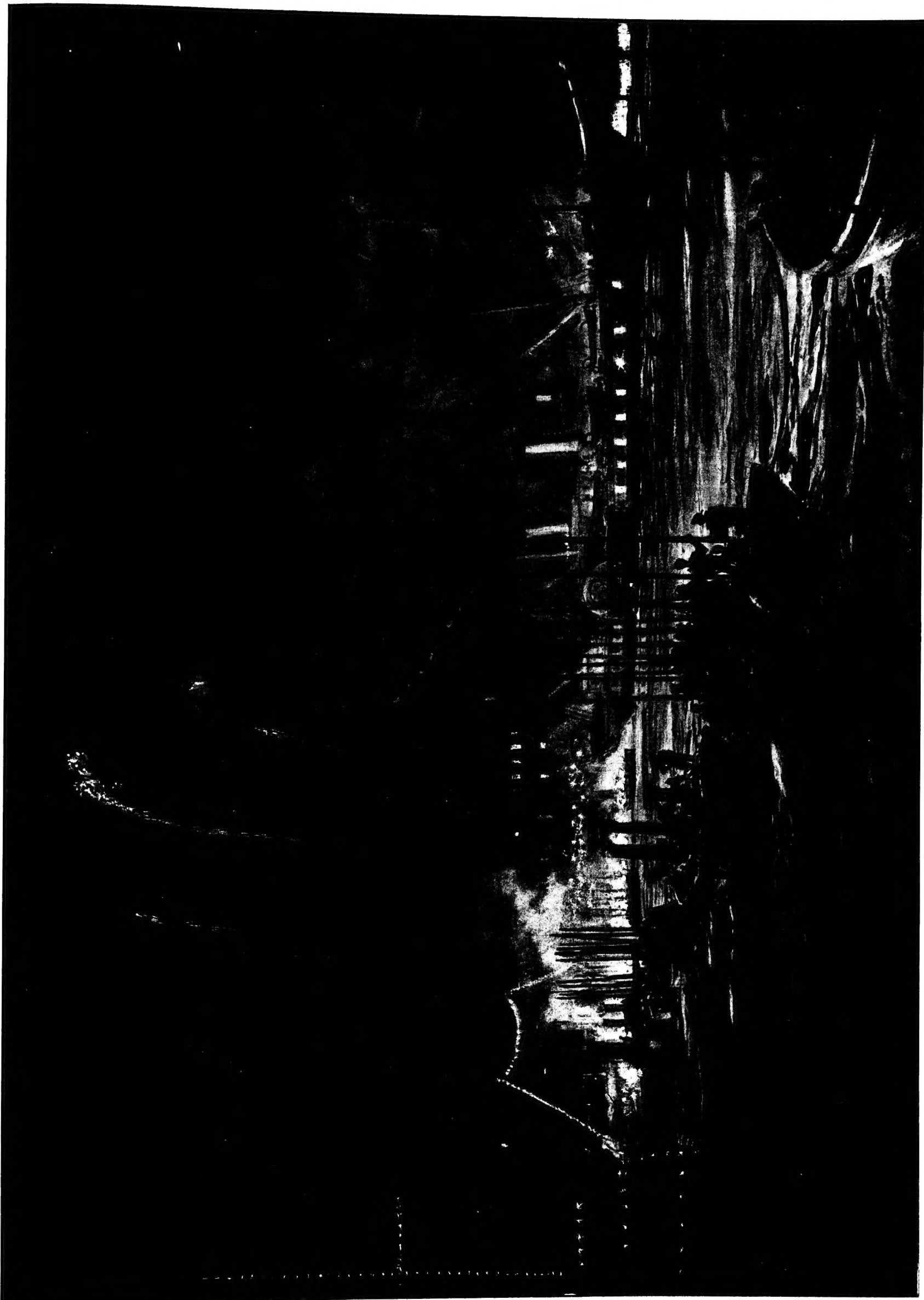
THE QUEEN'S ENTRY INTO DUBLIN



On Thursday in last week the fleet gave a searchlight display, the idea being that the people in Dublin should be able to see the beams playing on the clouds. It was a very fine sight, the beams moving with mathematical precision

THE QUEEN IN IRELAND: A SEARCHLIGHT DISPLAY BY THE FLEET IN KINGSTOWN HARBOUR

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.



On the evening of Her Majesty's arrival the boats of the Channel Fleet were towed round the yacht with oars tossed. As they came near the Royal yacht darts were lit, which, together with the illuminations on shore, presented a magnificent spectacle. Crowds of people came down to the water's edge, sang the National Anthem, and finished up with a tremendous burst of cheering.

THE QUEEN IN DUBLIN: A PRETTY WELCOME BY THE FLEET IN KINGSTOWN HARBOUR

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.



DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

The Prince and Princess of Wales left England on Wednesday last week, for Copenhagen, crossing from Dover to Calais. As the train by which they were travelling was leaving the Nord Station at Brussels in the evening, a man jumped on the footboard of the Prince's carriage and fired two shots from a revolver into the saloon. The shots fortunately missed.

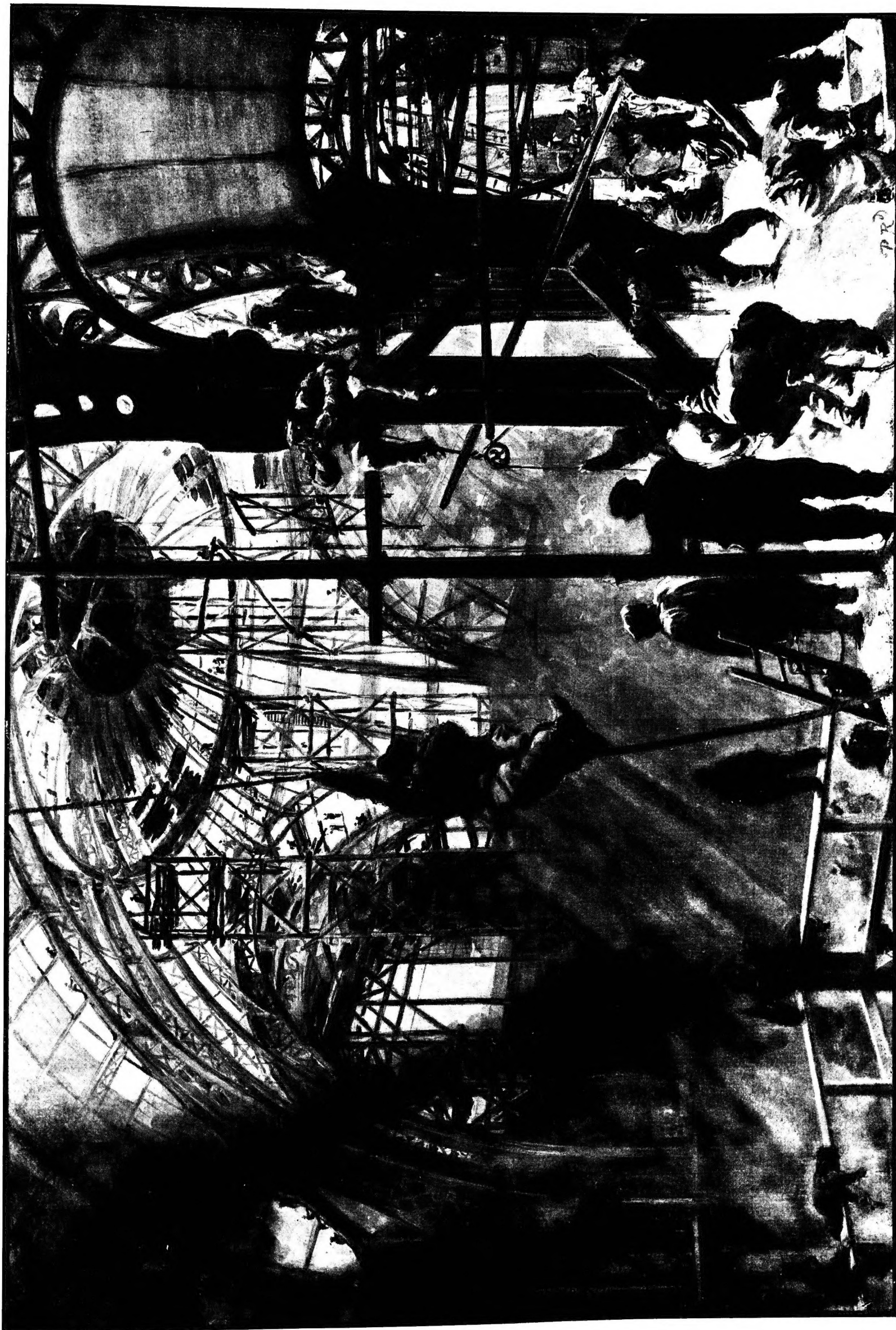
THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE

the Prince. The man was at once arrested. He was found to be a youth aged sixteen, named Spada. When interrogated he declared that he intended to kill the Prince because his Royal Highness had caused thousands of men to be slaughtered in South Africa. Directly he fired, Spada was seized by M. Crocous, the Chief de Gare, and, according to the

official account from the British Minister, they rolled together on the platform, during which a second shot was fired. The people near rushed to help, and Spada was at once arrested.

FROM A SKETCH BY H. M. UNDER

RAILWAY STATION, LUXEMBOURG



The Grand Palace, when finished, will be a sumptuous building richly decorated with sculpture. It is situated in the Champs Elysées, and it will contain exhibits of fine arts. Above the entry there will be a great dome above a large hall. The building is to be permanent, and will ultimately take the place of the old Palais des Beaux Arts. To judge from this drawing, which was made about ten days ago, there was then a great deal to be done before the building is completed, and it will be wonderful if it is finished on the opening day

THE PARIS EXHIBITION: THE DOME OF THE GRAND PALACE IN THE COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION

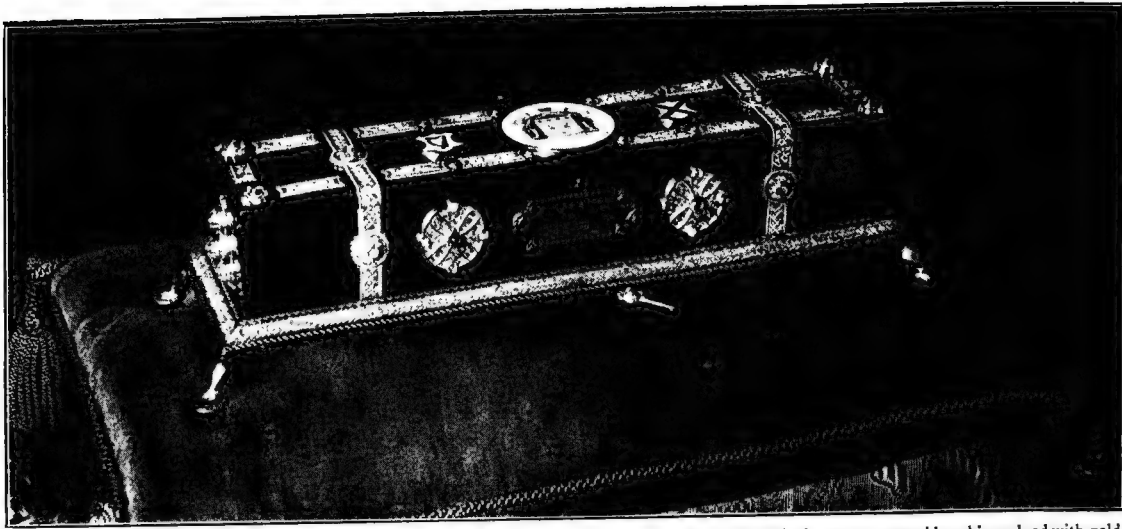
DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUARD

The Royal Visit to Ireland

AN Irish welcome is proverbially a warm one, but their greeting to their Queen shows the Irish people at their highest pitch of enthusiasm. Dublin seems given up to holiday-making; the streets are still ablaze with decoration, and throngs of eager sightseers crowd every point where the Queen may be expected to pass in her daily drives. Just outside the Vice-regal Lodge gates in the Phoenix Park is the favourite spot for the crowds in the afternoon—carriages, equestrians, cars, and people on foot gathering to see the Royal party start for their drive. As the Royal carriage drives along, whether in the rich or the poor quarters of the city, cheers greet Her Majesty's appearance, and the Queen bows and smiles with untiring energy, much to the delight of the people. The Queen is charmed with her reception, her message to the Lord Mayor of Dublin expressing her satisfaction in the warmest terms. Nothing has delighted the Irish more than Her Majesty's remark that she had much looked forward to her stay in Ireland. The finishing touch to the popular enthusiasm has been given by the Queen's decision to form a Regiment of Irish Guards—a tactful decision which, like the permission to wear the shamrock, has gone straight to the heart of the nation.

To take up the thread of the Royal doings since the Queen's arrival in Dublin, neither the long journey nor the excitement of what may justly be termed a triumphal progress made the Queen over-fatigued. Her Majesty was ready to entertain guests to lunch and dinner, and after a good night's rest welcomed the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their family at breakfast-time next morning. The Queen then drove about the pretty grounds in her favourite chair, being much pleased with the gardens. Anxious to visit as much as possible of Dublin, and to give every quarter of the City a chance of seeing its Sovereign, Her Majesty began her excursions by driving through the Phoenix Park to the village of Castleknock, where the villagers turned out in force to greet the Queen, and some students of a Catholic seminary showed especial enthusiasm. Castleknock is a picturesque village, with the ruins of an old castle dating from the times of Henry II., and memorable for sustaining many sieges. By the next day Ireland remembered her reputation for rain. As, however, the showers were intermittent the Queen went out all the same, Princess Beatrice holding an umbrella in her open carriage, over her mother when necessary. This time the drive was through one of the poorer quarters, the Drumcondra township, but the greeting was just as hearty. Amongst the spectators were the inmates and nurses of the Richmond Asylum, who were hurried out on a stand directly it was known Her Majesty was coming. In striking contrast to this view of Dublin was the next Royal drive, which took the Queen through the most fashionable part of the city—Sackville Street, Grafton Street, &c., with their gay shops, handsome buildings, and splendid decorations. Dublin itself having been thoroughly explored from end to end, the Queen will extend her drives further afield whenever the weather permits, in order to make acquaintance with the surrounding country.

The Queen is such a lover of children that the monster gathering



The casket containing the address of welcome presented to the Queen by the Lord Mayor of Dublin lay on an emerald cushion edged with gold. The casket itself is of exquisite workman-ship, manufactured by an Irish firm, of oblong shape, measuring about eighteen inches in length, three inches broad, and three inches deep, and surmounted with beautiful enamels, representing the arms of the City of Dublin, St. Patrick's Cross and the Irish Harp. The design is of purely Celtic art work of the seventeenth century, comprising bosses and interlaced bands reproduced from those adorning the famous Ardagh chalice, which was discovered about 1856 near the village of that name, County Limerick, and is now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. The interlaced circles on the front of the casket are studded with crystals and amethysts from Achill Island, cut by the Dublin Corporation's lapidary, and the effect is very striking. On each corner of the lid is a shamrock set with rubies, sapphires, pearls, and turquoises, symbolical of the Imperial colours, red, white, and blue. There are figures on the back, too, a beautifully enamelled disc, with the Imperial Crown over Ireland's emblem, while the ends are ornamented with a handsome triangular-shaped interlaced design in keeping. Our photograph is by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN IN DUBLIN

of little ones in the Phoenix Park, was one of the arrangements which most pleased Her Majesty. From 40,000 to 50,000 children assembled from all parts of Ireland, special trains bringing the juveniles from long distances. The children were packed tightly in enclosures erected close to the Vice-regal Lodge, and behind stretched dense masses of spectators. In the centre of the gathering was a dais for the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Lady Arnott and her four

homely fashion rather than in formal ceremonies. So there will be as little State as possible during the visit, and even the nightly Royal dinner parties are quiet, small affairs, with a few chosen guests apiece.

The Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Cadogan have dined and lunched several times with the Royal party, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught being daily guests at one meal or other. Princesses

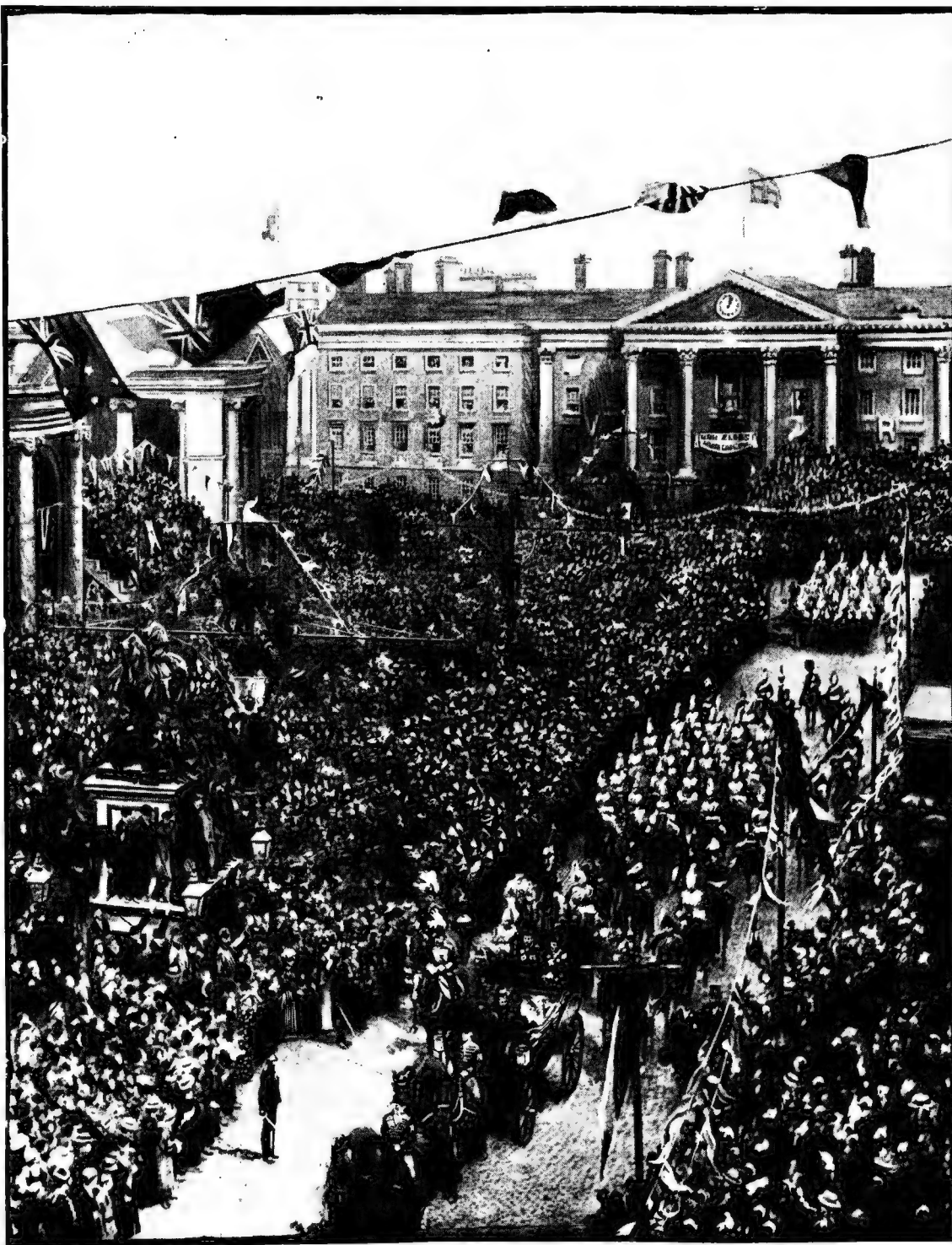
daughters, who presented the Queen with a lovely bouquet of violets and lilies of the valley entwined with shamrock. The children were regaled with sweets and chocolate whilst the Queen with Princesses Christian and Beatrice, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their grandchildren following in the carriage. Slowly the Royal party drove past the children, and to the echo by the juveniles and the other spectators, till the dais was reached. Here the Queen was presented by the Lord Mayor Arnott and the Mayor's Master Pile, the Queen smiling affectionately to the juveniles. Then the Royal party drove past the rest of the gathering, and passed away, leaving the children in the highest delight and remembering that the Queen wore a silver shamrock in her bonnet.

The next public function in which the Queen takes part is the review of troops in the Phoenix Park, but it is Her Majesty's wish to come among her people in

to come among her people in formal ceremonies. So there will be as little State as possible during the visit, and even the nightly Royal dinner parties are quiet, small affairs, with a few chosen guests apiece. The Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Cadogan have dined and lunched several times with the Royal party, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught being daily guests at one meal or other. Princesses Christian and Beatrice have dined out with Lord and Lady Cadogan at the Castle, and Princess Christian also accompanied the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to the theatre for a matinee on behalf of the Officers' Families Fund. The Princess being so deeply interested in the nursing profession, the opportunity of her visit to Dublin was seized to persuade her to lay the foundation stone of the new Nursing Home connected with the City of Dublin Hospital, Baggott Street. It is hoped also that the Princesses may visit several of the Dublin charitable institutions as the Queen's representatives. Other cities, too, are putting in a plea for a share of Royal favours, Belfast being especially hopeful of a visit from the Queen. In that case Her Majesty would start homewards from Belfast when the Royal stay comes to an end about the 27th inst. Princess Beatrice's eldest children have joined the Royal party in Dublin.

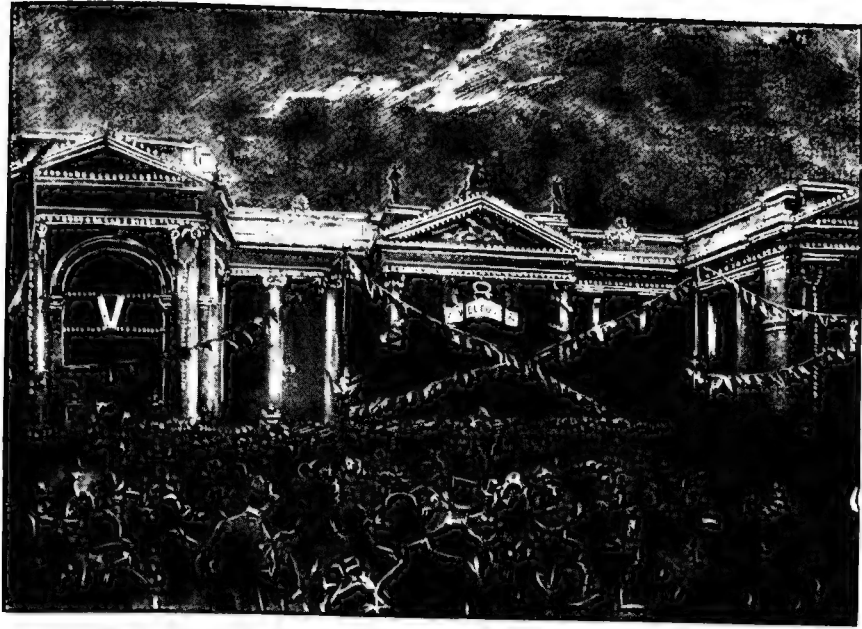
THE ATTEMPT ON THE PRINCE OF WALES

If any proof were needed of affection and popularity evinced by the Prince of Wales, the burst of sympathy aroused by his attempt on his life would be sufficient. From far and wide, at home and abroad, from his own people and from foreign alike, congratulatory messages have fairly overwhelmed the Prince. His escape was, indeed, most narrow. With the Prince he was in the ordinary train from Calais to Cologne on his way to Denmark, and had had for a short time at the Northern Station in Brussels. Keeping his *incognito*, the Prince strode about the platform apparently unnoticed, although the station master fortunately kept an eye on the Royal traveller. The Prince got into his carriage and the train was just starting when a lad sprang on the footboard and fired two shots from a revolver at the Prince. Providentially his aim was steady, so he missed his intended victim, but the bullets passed close to the Prince that one struck about a foot above his head and rebounded, while another was imbedded in the back of a sofa on which two of the Royal suite were sitting. The stationmaster rushed forward and secured the would-be assassin, the pair rolling together on the platform, and other



Dame Street was one of the most interesting sections of the long line of the Queen's route through the city. This part of Dublin corresponds with the "City" in London, and is the civic centre. Trinity College lies at one end of the street and the City Hall at the other. Hours before the Queen arrived the street was crowded, and Her Majesty had a very hearty welcome from this Nationalist centre. Our photograph is by Lafayette

THE QUEEN'S ENTRY INTO DUBLIN: THE PROCESSION IN DAME STREET



On the first day of the Queen's visit to Ireland Dublin was illuminated on a very grand scale. Every building of importance was ablaze with myriads of lamps. Among the most conspicuous was the Bank of Ireland, the old Parliament House, which was very tastefully decorated

THE QUEEN IN DUBLIN: THE OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE ILLUMINATED
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, W. C. Mills

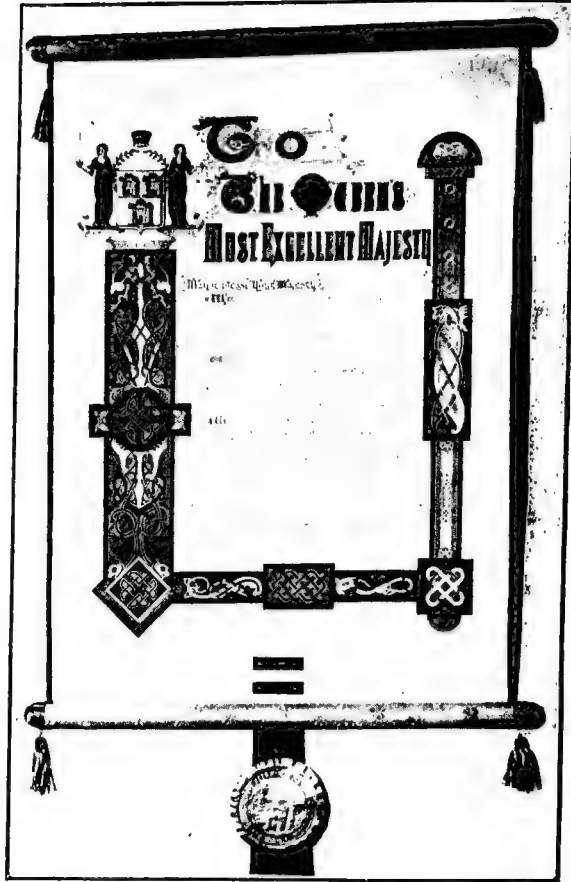
people immediately came to the rescue, so that no further harm could be done. Considerable confusion ensued, the Prince of Wales being the calmest in the whole scene, assuring the excited inquirers that he was unhurt, and asking whether his assailant was arrested. The Princess, also, well kept her composure. However, the train was only delayed a few moments, and as it started the people cheered the Prince with the greatest warmth. The news soon spread, and was carefully broken to the Queen at Dublin, Her Majesty bearing the shock very well, and the congratulatory messages poured into Copenhagen to greet the Prince when he arrived next morning. Copenhagen is always delighted to welcome the Prince and Princess, but this made the greeting warmer than ever. Flags flew on all sides, and crowds gathered outside the station to cheer the Prince and Princess as they drove to the Amalienborg Palace, where they took up their quarters. King Christian, with the Royal Family and the Dowager Empress of Russia, had met the Royal visitors inside the station. The day after their arrival the Prince and Princess were busy all day receiving

when the Prince was walking about the platform. Urged and abused by his associates, Sipido acted at the last moment with the result of failure. He is only sixteen, a tinsmith's apprentice, and the son of respectable working people at Brussels, who are horrified at their son's crime. The boy had been working with his father, and got a holiday through a forged letter which summoned him to the Maison du Peuple to see about a situation as cashier. Sipido is undergoing severe examination, together with other members of the Jeune Garde Socialiste, and is in a very depressed and tearful condition, having made various contradictory confessions. According to Belgian law he is too young to be condemned to death, the extreme penalty for his case being twenty years' penal servitude.

The Duchess of York and her baby are going on splendidly. The child is a healthy little fellow, while the Duchess is on the high road to convalescence. The Duke remains with his family at Sandringham.

congratulations either by telegram or by personal visits, and they had a most enthusiastic reception from the people when driving in the afternoon. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and Danish Royal Family attended a special service at the English Church in Copenhagen to return thanks for the Prince's preservation. The Prince and Princess's visit will be very short, as the Prince must be back soon after Easter to fulfil several engagements.

There can be little doubt that the attempt on the Prince of Wales was due to a regular plot, hatched by a band of youthful Socialists—the Jeune Garde Socialiste, which numbers some 400 members. None of these wrong-headed lads are over twenty-one, and their proceedings are eagerly disavowed by the Socialist bodies of maturer years or any of the working men's parties. The lad chosen to commit the crime—Jean Baptiste Sipido—was evidently the tool of older members, notably a certain Meert, and was so reluctant to commit the crime that he let his best opportunity pass



On the Queen's entry into Dublin the Lord Mayor presented an address of welcome:—"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty. May it please your Majesty, we, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Corporation of the City of Dublin, beg to offer to your Majesty on behalf of ourselves and fellow-citizens a hearty welcome on your arrival in the capital city of your Majesty's Kingdom of Ireland. We are assured and we recognise that in your exalted station your Majesty comes amongst the Irish people above and apart from all political questions, and the citizens of Dublin unite in welcoming you with that deep respect which all entertain for the person of your Majesty. We confidently expect that your stay amongst us will prove a pleasant one, and trust that it will be of lasting benefit to your Majesty's health, and we desire to represent that whenever it may please you to visit this portion of your dominions your Majesty will be assured of a *cord mille failte*. As witness the seal of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the City of Dublin, this third day of April, one thousand nine hundred.—THOS. D. PILE, Lord Mayor. HENRY CAMPBELL, Town Clerk" Our photograph is by Lafayette, Dublin



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. C. MILLS

The Queen on Saturday, after a morning drive in the grounds of the Viceregal Lodge at Dublin, proceeded in an open carriage, accompanied by Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg, to a part of Phoenix Park where there had assembled some 52,000 children from all parts of Ireland as well as from Dublin. They were marshalled in two great bodies on either side of the main road of the park from the gates of the Viceregal Lodge to the statue of Lord Gough, and behind them were gathered immense crowds of adult spectators. The Royal carriage drove slowly down the line to a dais in

the centre, where stood the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Dublin and Lady Arnott, with their children, and the members of the executive committee who had charge of the arrangements of the demonstration. There a magnificent bouquet was presented to the Queen on behalf of the children of Ireland by Lady Arnott's daughters and the young son of the Lord Mayor and very cordially received and acknowledged by Her Majesty, whose carriage then continued its course to the end of the line of children, and, turning round the Gough statue, returned to the Viceregal Lodge

THE QUEEN IN DUBLIN: CHILDREN'S DAY IN PHOENIX PARK

The War in the Magazines

OUR DEFENCES: WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE

COLONEL SIR GEORGE SYDENHAM CLARKE is one of the few writers who, not content to stroll along the easy path of indiscriminate criticism, have set themselves seriously to sketch out some scheme which shall place our Imperial defences on a satisfactory basis. With regard to the Army, he does not believe that our present system can ever bring about a satisfactory state of affairs. The voluntary principle will not stand the strain of producing the number of men required. "The establishment strength of our multifarious military bodies is never reached. The principle has always failed in peace; it has now failed in war," he says, and the figures which he sets forth are tolerably convincing.

Months of a popular war have not therefore sufficed to make up a deficiency of 63,899 in the auxiliary forces alone. Unless the attractions of the Army are greatly increased the large additions sanctioned will never be made, and recruiting, now abnormal, will fall back to an average which never sufficed to fill the establishment far less than that contemplated.

Sir George Clarke's hope is the Militia. He wants the Militia ballot enforced without respect of persons, seeing in this a solution of our problem of military defence, and he evidently has strong hopes that "a small section of the working classes would accept a compulsory annual holiday to be devoted to military training." Briefly summarised here is a statement as to the forces of the Empire and the duties which they should be capable of performing in war:—

considerable detail into some of Mr. Goschen's statements as to the reasons why the sums voted for the Navy during recent years have not been expended. Mr. Goschen's explanations have been the shipbuilding strike, the difficulty in obtaining armour, the limited number of shipwrights, the congested state of dockyards. Mr. Wilson has a somewhat different tale to tell. He says not only that several of the great firms cannot get the sums due to them for work done without vexatious delay, but that so little profit is made out of Admiralty work that firms will always undertake other contracts and let the British ships wait.

There are time clauses in all British contracts, but the shipbuilders know that these will not be enforced and cannot be enforced. They are not enforced because that would send up the cost of ships, since the contractors could no longer reckon upon being able to take Government orders as a "stand-by," postponing their execution when more profitable jobs are to be obtained. If a British ship and a foreign ship are building side by side, it is always safe to reckon that the foreign ship will be delivered first, because the foreign Government pays an honest price. Nor have foreign ships to wait for armour. The *Asahi* is completed while the *Formidable* is delayed. "For many years," said a recent number of *Engineering*, "the Admiralty have been doing more and more to make engineering and shipbuilding firms careless as to whether they get Navy contracts or not, until at last a good many prefer to work for foreign Governments or on mercantile vessels."

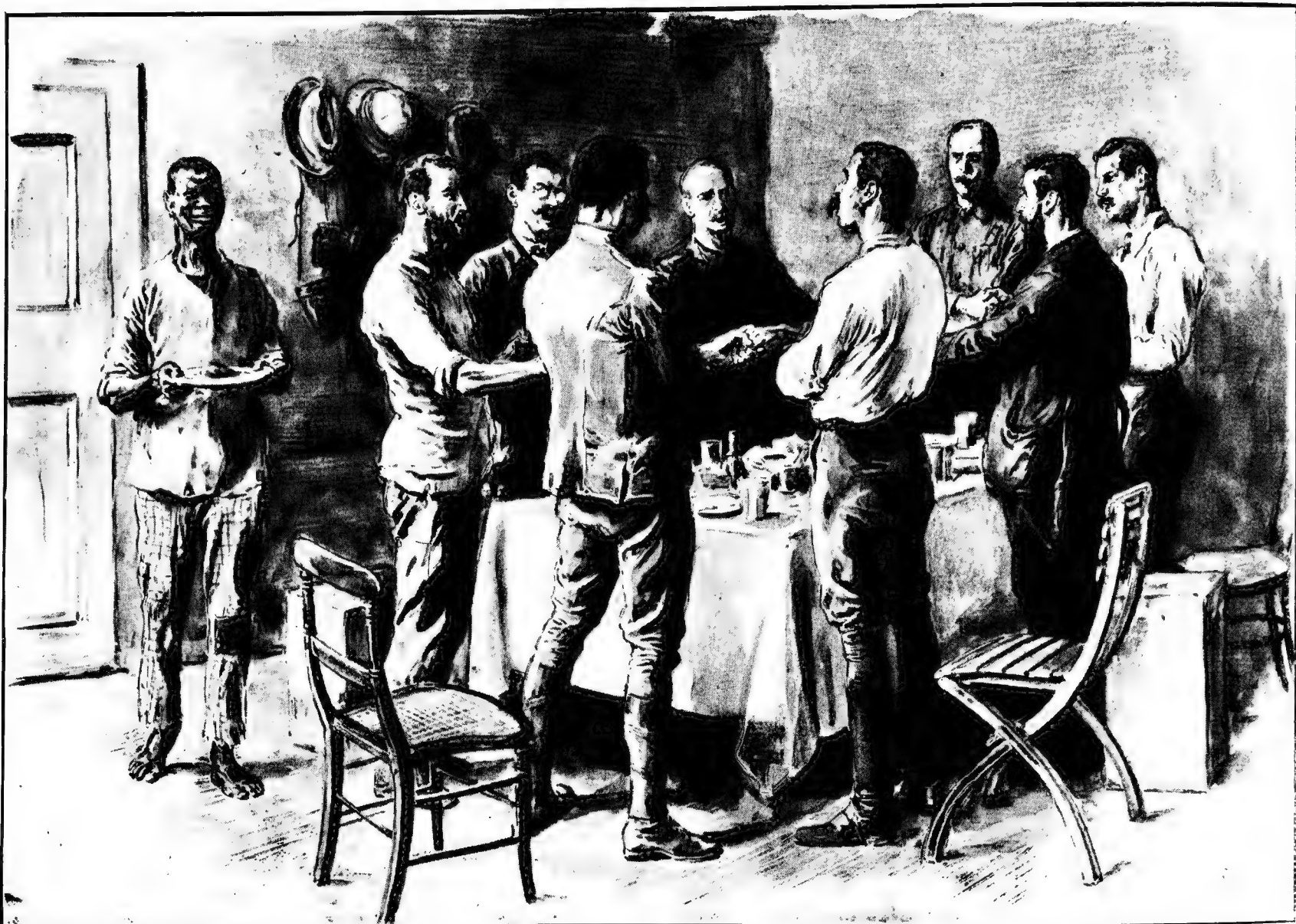
On the whole matter the Navy League has been making inquiries, and one of the largest armour-plate makers has stated that he can supply far more armour than has been ordered, while various shipbuilding firms of high reputation have said that they could build, and build rapidly, three more battleships or large cruisers. In the meantime, money voted is being refunded to the Treasury, when it might, or a portion of it, be spent on target practice. Battleships

taking over the railway. The dynamite monopoly loses the State alone, over 600,000l. a year. The liquor monopoly is another income he put down as equal to 100,000l. per annum. If other monopolies, Bank, the Mint, and so on, are taken into account, a very small sum will allow 250,000l. for them. The State would, therefore, have a vast sum of five millions sterling per annum in actual saving addition thereto would have the inestimable advantage of a better administration. That boon cannot be adequately represented in financial estimate.

With the country settled on these lines the writer has no serious trouble in the future, as he is confident that undistracted by political dreams of supremacy, would soon be their normal life.

FEEDING AN ARMY

An excellent article in *Macmillan* describes very fully the difficulties attendant upon feeding an army in the field. It knows that an army often travels with cattle to ensure a fresh meat, but it is interesting to learn that in a healthy country an ox will afford rations for three hundred men, a sheep five, and a pig for one hundred and ten. In the Franco-Prussian War an Army Corps for the safe delivery of its stores required some twelve hundred waggons. As to what can be drawn from the countries through which the army passes, some very curious figures are given. In the war of 1870-71 the resources of a rich country were at the disposal of the conquerors, two-thirds of the provisions were drawn from the country. The number of troops which a district is capable of supporting depends of course upon the amount and nature of its resources.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

Our correspondent writes:—"Majuba Day was the most despondent that the garrison had experienced during the siege. In the morning we heard that Sir Redvers Buller had recrossed the Tugela. At noon the following day the news of his victory was flashed in from Hlangwani. We, correspondents, were at lunch when

we heard the news. We at once stood up and gave three cheers, sang 'God Save the Queen,' and finally 'Auld Lang Syne.' Our unwonted gaiety brought in visitors from all the neighbouring camps and in ten minutes the news had spread, and the National Anthem and cheers were bursting out all over the defences."

"AULD LANG SYNE": A SONG OF VICTORY BY CORRESPONDENTS AT LADYSMITH

1. The Royal Navy. To hold and maintain the sea communications of the Empire.
2. The Regular Army. To provide and maintain the normal garrisons of India, Egypt, and certain stations abroad. To hold at least 40,000 men in this country in full readiness to reinforce India or any portion of the Empire, to attack an enemy's outlying positions at the outset of a great war, or to carry on a small campaign. To be able to mobilise six additional infantry divisions and three cavalry brigades within a week for service in any portion of the Empire.
3. The Militia. To provide eighteen fully organised divisions available for any service during a great war, capable of being mobilised in a fortnight in whole or in part, and to form a second line to the regular Army.
4. The Yeomanry. To be converted, as is now contemplated, into mounted infantry, and to be trained in reconnaissance work for home defence only.
5. The Volunteers. To be regarded as a purely home defence.
6. Colonial Forces. To provide the small bodies required for local defence, etc.

Sir George Clarke's great idea is that the Militia should not be as now sacrificed to the Volunteers. He would cut the Volunteer force down to 100,000 men, and transfer the balance to the Militia. Some Volunteer battalions would be converted into Militia at once by their own consent, "and the mere knowledge that the Militia establishment would be maintained if necessary by the ballot might suffice to secure the requisite quota."

ARE WE MISLED ABOUT THE FLEET?

In the same review (the *Nineteenth Century*) Mr. H. W. Wilson asks rather pertinently if it be not possible and probable that when war comes the British Navy will be found to be just as far below expectations as the Army, and he follows this up by going with

are three years in hand when two years is sufficient, small cruisers are three years building, and destroyers three, four, five, and even six years.

THE NEW "DOMINION" OF SOUTH AFRICA

Mr. William Hosken, Chairman of the Uitlander Council, writing from Pietermaritzburg to the *Fortnightly*, advocates the establishment of a Dominion of South Africa, embracing the country from Cape Agulhas to the most northerly limits of Rhodesia. He would have it established at once by Imperial Act, and would divide it into six provinces.

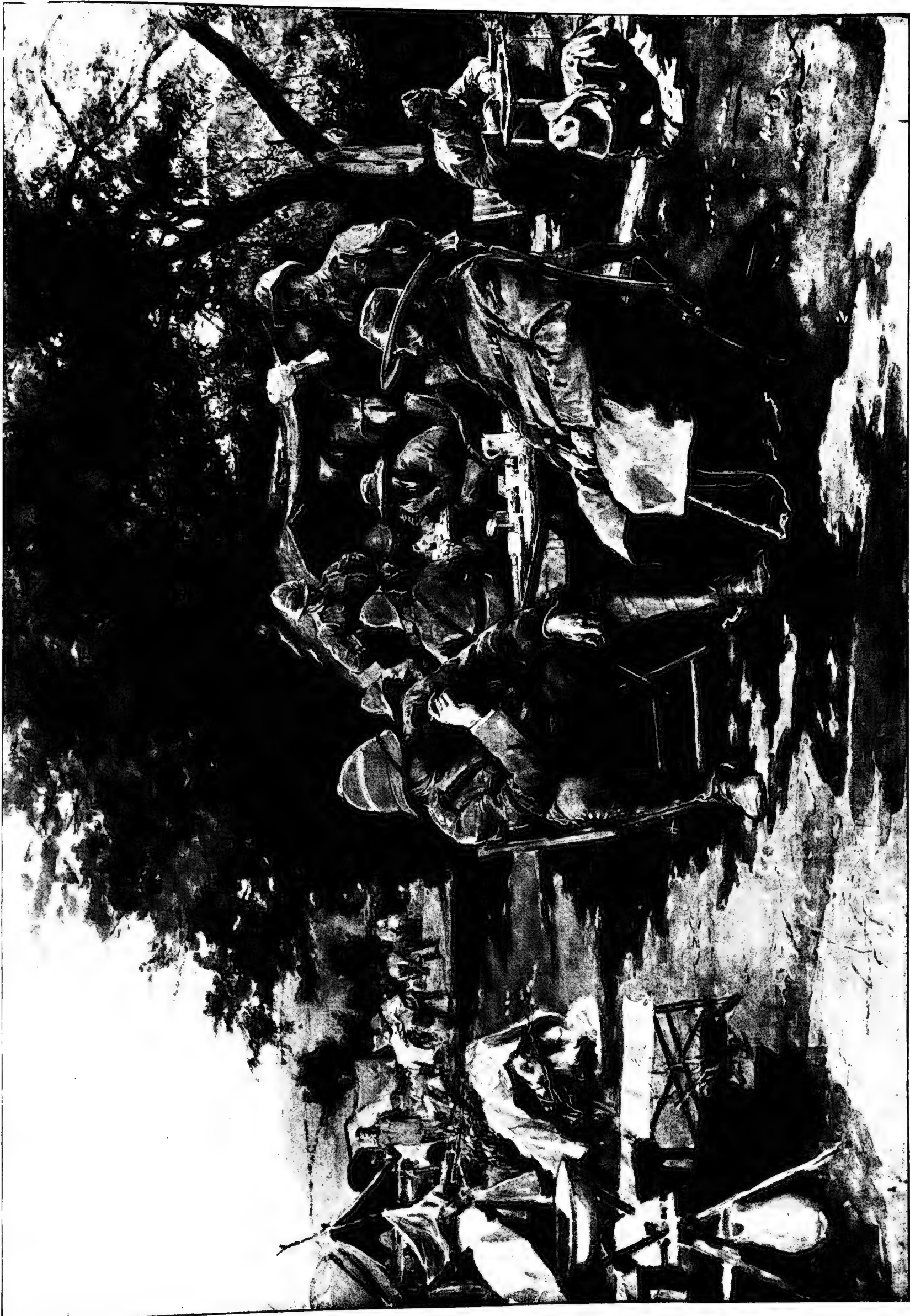
1. Western Provinces } Cape Colony.
2. Eastern Provinces }
3. Natal, with enlarged territory.
4. Free State.
5. Transvaal.
6. Rhodesia.

The financial position of the new Dominion, says Mr. Hosken, would be exceedingly strong.

The burden of mis-government borne in the Transvaal alone is sufficient to demonstrate this fact. The revenue of the Transvaal in 1897-8 amounted to 4,886,499l., and its expenditure to 4,702,028l. Taking the average of the rest of South Africa, it is evident that a sum of 1,750,000l. would be ample for the administrative needs of the country. We have, therefore, a surplus of, say, 3,000,000l., that has been taken out of the people, which will now be saved. The Netherlands Railway revenue is said to have now reached three millions per annum, and as that company states that only 40 per cent. is spent on working charges, it is within the mark to say that a million per annum can be saved by

the barren regions, in which English troops have so often operated against uncivilised enemies, requisitioning of any sort has frequently been out of the question. General estimates have, however, been made. Colonel Hazenkamp considers that if the population equal in number to the troops it can supply them for from four to six days; if it be double in number it can supply them for from two to three weeks, if quadruple for from three to four weeks. The march of an Army corps encumbered with all its commissariat ammunition and other waggons is very different from the swift, torrent-like advance that the uninformed fancy sometimes pictures.

A single narrow road may form the only line of advance. Over this the drawn column of some thirty-five thousand men extends for eight or ten miles. Behind them follow the convoy trains, the regular transport-waggons, the locally-requisitioned drays and carts, and numbering in all perhaps a thousand vehicles, which may cover another ten or twelve miles. Herds of cattle, incessantly driven forward with goad and whip, close the march. The whole line may thus occupy a good twenty miles of road, or half the distance from London to Brighton. The advance is slow and tiresome, and of the pomp and picturesqueness usually associated with the movement of large masses of troops there is little to be seen. The brilliant and smartness and alertness of the parade-ground are wanting; and the long, slow transports, advancing slowly amid shouting and confusion and frequently to the bad and at times almost impassable condition of the roads, might be taken for a huge gipsy-emigration. Before the bulk of the transport in motion the leading battalions have already arrived in camp and are resting on the day's marching. More than a dozen miles are seldom covered in a day's little as this may seem at first sight, yet the daily effort necessary, with the tedium and monotony of the march, the frequent stoppages, and long fasts consequent upon the backwardness of the transports, soon lead to exhaustion and depression among the troops.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, REINHOLD THIELE

Though naturally silent and embittered by his defeat, General Cronje thawed a little in the genial company of the British officers. The officer in whose charge he was

A CHAT WITH CRONJE BEFORE HE LEFT FOR ST. HELENA

DRAWN BY W. SMALL

Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

OUR most popular poet, Rudyard Kipling, has now been joined at Bloemfontein by one of our most popular novelists, Dr. Conan Doyle, so that, apart from the newspaper correspondents, Lord Roberts is not by any means in danger of having his fame obscured



THE LATE GEN. DE VILLEBOIS-MAREUIL
Killed at Boshof

— *caret quia vate saces*. At a meeting of the Army Temperance Association—of which he has always been one of the chief promoters and supporters—his lordship pointed out to the soldiers the advantages of joining it, although, as he facetiously added, the whole Army under his command had lately been members, seeing that Modder water was all they had for long to drink, and sometimes little of that. His hearers hung on every word that fell from the lips of the man they idolised, and his voice be-

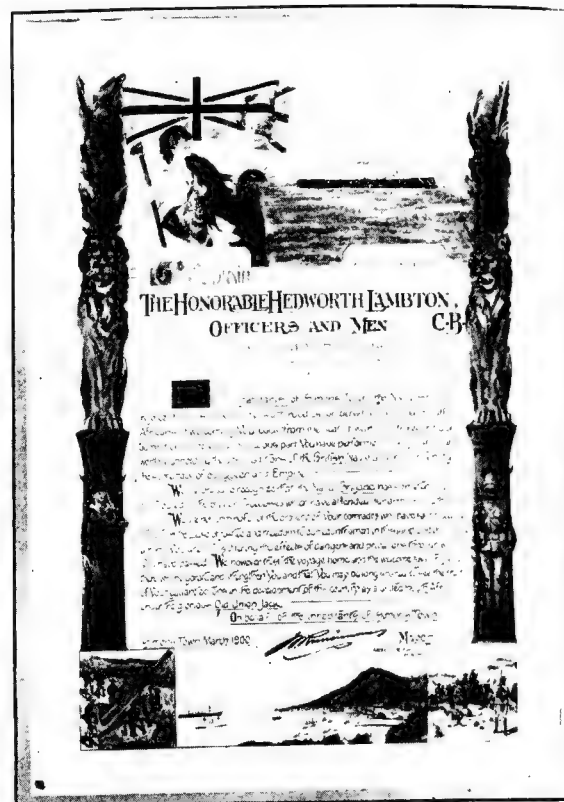
trayed emotion when he spoke of "the Army I now have the honour of commanding as the best-behaved Army in the world." They had fought splendidly, marched uncomplainingly, and endured all the hardships of the campaign. How well they had fought!

Yes, and as the Field-Marshal might have added, how indifferently, how badly, they had sometimes been led—this bravest and best-behaved Army in the world, as evidenced afresh by some painful incidents during the past seven days—incidents which caused the capable *Times* correspondent to remark with reference to the ambush and catastrophe of Koorn Spruit: "The marvellous carelessness and 'improvidence' of our officers, whom, it would seem, no series of disasters will ever teach to keep wide awake. The Boers in Colonel Broadwood's rear drove his force to the party at the drift exactly as partridges are driven to the gun. At the drift itself, as each waggon went down the hollow, the Boers

quietly covered the drivers and pointed where to drive to, so as not to block the convoy. When the guns arrived the trap was all clear again for their reception. To quote the words of one present: "It was just like walking into a cloak-room. The Boers politely took your rifle and asked you kindly to stand on one side, and there was nothing else you could do."

The Boer General De Wet, referring to his surprise of Colonel Broadwood's force at the Bloemfontein waterworks, which was the prelude to the still greater surprise of part of this force at Koorn Spruit, reported that he "found the British camp lying below in peaceful slumber, without a sentinel or outpost to give the alarm." Was it, therefore, surprising that Colonel Broadwood was surprised, either at the waterworks or the disastrous drift a few hours later, owing to the entire lack of scouting, with the loss of men, guns, a precious convoy of 100 waggons, and a loss in killed, wounded and prisoners of about 450? It was but poor consolation that ninety of those prisoners, including eleven officers, were subsequently rescued in the most gallant manner by Colonel Porter, with ninety Carbineers and Scots Greys with two guns, and that Mr. Burnham, the famous American scout, now serving under Lord Roberts, made his escape from his Boer captors in a most daring and characteristic manner. Up to the end of March, as stated by Mr. Wyndham in the House of Commons, the total number of Boer prisoners in our hands was 5,000, of whom 1,000, with Cronje at their head, have now been shipped off to St. Helena; while, on the other hand, the number of British prisoners in Boer hands was only about 3,466. But the events of the last few days have tended to equalise those two numbers. For to the latter must now be added more than 1,000 British troops who were compelled to surrender to the Boers at Koorn Spruit and Reddersburg. The latter place, lying between Bloemfontein and Springfontein, was the scene of another of those "unfortunate occurrences." This fresh disaster fell heaviest on the unlucky Royal Irish Rifles, who had lost about 350 of their officers and men at Stormberg, and as it must have lost nearly as many at Reddersburg—three companies—it must be pretty well wiped out as a fighting unit by this time. The fellow victims of the gallant Rifles were two mounted companies of the Northumberland Fusiliers—forming a total force of about 600 men which had been detached from Gatacre's Division, at Springfontein, for the purpose of "pacifying" the district east of Reddersburg, which had fallen, as it was fondly thought, under our rule. Having completed its work of pacification the column was returning towards the railway line when it was simply pocketed by the Boers. Nor is this to be wondered at considering that the column, astonishing to relate, was not accompanied by a single gun, that it had lost touch with all sources of support, and that it was not provided either with provisions or ammunition sufficient to enable it to stand a field siege—for field sieges are all the rage now under the new conditions of war—by the flying column of about 3,000 Boers with five guns which suddenly surrounded it. Hearing of its investment, Lord Roberts despatched

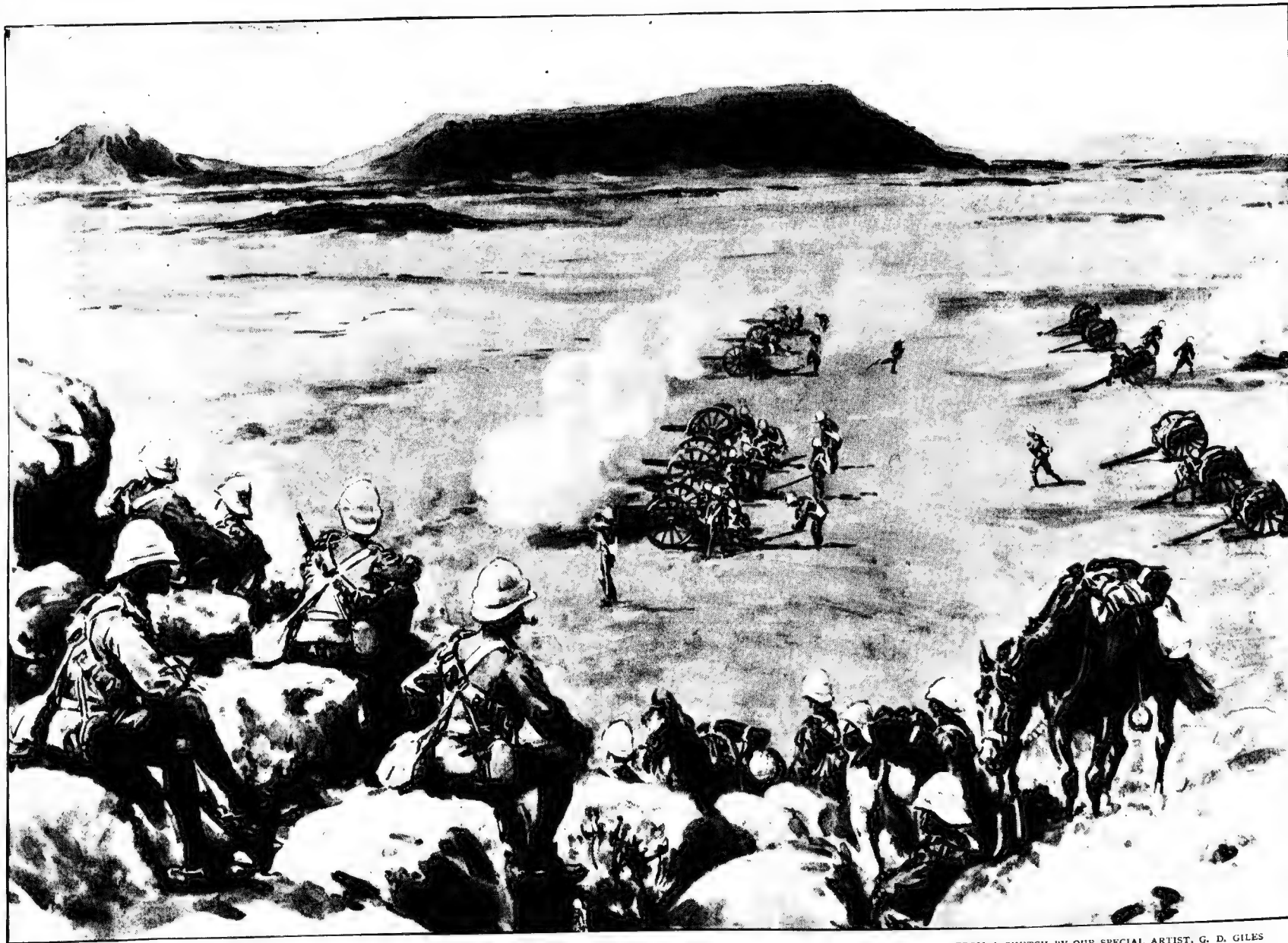
the Cameron Highlanders, but lately arrived from Egypt to Bethanie, while at the same time ordering Gatacre to "proceed to Reddersburg with all possible speed;" but by the time that Gata-



An imposing ceremony took place on board H.M.S. *Powerful* at Simonstown on the occasion of the presentation of an address to the captain, officers, and men of the Naval Brigade from Ladysmith before the ship sailed for home. The Mayor, in presenting the address, said that the men had been subscribed from all parts of the Colony, a fact that demonstrated the appreciation in which the work accomplished at Ladysmith was held. Our photograph is by L. Jenks, Simonstown.

THE ADDRESS PRESENTED TO CAPT. THE HON. H. LAMBTON, R.N., AT SIMONSTOWN

had reached his destination he found that both Boers and British—besiegers and besieged—had vanished into space, it might have even been into thin air, leaving not a trace behind—*spurs*



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

In the battle of Poplar Grove a Boer gun was posted on a stone cattle kraal. It maintained its position, although twelve of our guns were firing at it, and was eventually got safely away. The P Battery Royal Horse Artillery was ordered to give the Boer gun two shots to its one. This was done for some time without any

appreciable effect. Another battery, G, stationed in the plain to the right, also kept up a heavy fire. Our sketch shows the P Battery in action, with Household Cavalry, 10th Hussars and 12th Lancers sheltering in the foreground.

LORD ROBERTS'S MARCH ON BLOEMFONTEIN: WITH THE CAVALRY BRIGADE AT POPLAR GROVE

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

verschwunden, as the Germans would say. Yet, if the gallant Rifles and Fusiliers had only been able to hold out a few hours longer, they might have been relieved by Gatacre's people, who, finding Reddersburg in possession of the Boers, with the Union Jack torn down and the "Vierkleur" again hoisted in its stead, "retired without firing." "The Boers," said one correspondent, "when delivering the wounded, spoke with intense admiration of the plucky stand made by our troops under adverse conditions and against overwhelming odds." And well might the Boers have so spoken. For nearly a double round of the clock—or from before noon on Tuesday, the 3rd, till nine the following morning, the "noble six hundred"—foodless, waterless, and "exposed to severe tropical storms"—defied the five-fold force of their assailants with their five guns till their ammunition gave out; but though British soldiers can fight on empty stomachs, they cannot do so with empty rifles, and so they had to surrender after many of them had been killed or wounded. Altogether it was a very bad business—due, as usual, to someone's blundering, and only relieved, also as usual, by the magnificent bravery and endurance of the men.

Lord Methuen's Success

But the morning papers which contained details of this fresh disaster likewise recorded a certain countervailing advantage to our arms which had been gained by Lord Methuen near Boshof over the Franco-Boer mercenary, General de Villebois-Mareuil, and about

it was who, at Magersfontein, had vainly bidden Cronje to beware, for that he was in danger of being outflanked by the British. "Boy, keep still," replied the overweening Boer leader. "I soldiered before you were born." And now the "boy" in question, a man of fifty-three, is still for ever, lying on the lonesome veldt, where he was chivalrously buried by Lord Methuen with full military honours, wrapped in the tricolour of his native country.

"The enemy," said the *Times* correspondent, "were discovered occupying a kopje. Lord Scarborough's squadron of Yeomanry was sent round by the left and the Kimberley Mounted Corps by the right, the remainder of the Yeomanry being in the front. The manoeuvres having been completed, the troops dismounted and attacked. The operations of both the mounted and dismounted men were admirably executed. The advance to the attack was very determined, yet steady and methodical. It occupied three and a half hours. At about 4.15 the kopje was stormed, the Yeomanry charging with the bayonet, whereupon the enemy surrendered. Colonel Villebois was killed by shrapnel from the 4th Field Battery. Some other Frenchmen were also present. The conduct of our troops, both Imperial and Colonial, was beyond all praise. Lord Methuen commanded in person, and was greatly pleased with the able manner in which his orders were executed." As the C.I.V.'s had enjoyed their baptism of fire at Jacobsdal, so their volunteer comrades of the Imperial Yeomanry, with their fox-hunting whoops, received their stamp of

preparations and plans of Lord Roberts. That bodies of Boer raiders have re-invaded the southern portion of the Free State—which it is now proposed to call "Brandesia" or "Robert's Land"—recovered by shooting and other forms of compulsion, many of those who had submitted to Lord Roberts, and threatened General Brabant at Wepener with a flank march through the salient angle of Basutoland—need not be regarded in the light of any serious undoing of the results already achieved by our illustrious Field-Marshal, who is probably delighted with this spectacle of the enemy thus venturing within easier striking distance of him, as flies adventure themselves into the meshes of the spider's web. The chances of all the Boer raiders south of Bloemfontein—Ladybrand line being cut off and "Sedanned"—increase daily with the steady augmentation of Lord Roberts's mounted force, and it is gratifying to hear that Colonel Ian Hamilton, the hero of Elands Laagte and Ladysmith, had been appointed at Bloemfontein to the command of a new division of mounted infantry numbering 10,000 men, equally composed of Colonials and Regulars, which, with French's 5,000 cavalry, will give the Field-Marshal the disposal of a mobile force which must give the Boers the choice between surrender and retreat. Lord Roberts's greatest difficulty is the supply of horses, which are now, however, beginning to reach him in large numbers. If the Germans, in their war with France, had to remount their cavalry no fewer than three times in the course of the campaign, how much oftener shall we have to perform the same



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

An affecting scene was witnessed at Ladysmith on the morning of March 9, on the occasion of General Sir George's White's departure for Pietermaritzburg and farewell to the garrison. A representative cordon of troops surrounded the station, and a guard of honour of the Gordon Highlanders, Sir George White's old regiment, was drawn up at the entrance. General Buller, with his headquarters staff and a number of officers, was waiting on the station steps to receive Sir George White, on whose approach the pipes of the Gordons struck up a Highland air and the troops presented arms. As Sir George joined the group of officers on the

steps the pipes ceased, and amid deep silence the defender of Ladysmith addressed the soldiers as follows:—"Men of the Gordon Highlanders, I have to leave you. I only regret that I cannot take you with me, but you are wanted here. I know that you will always do as you have always done—behave as Gordon Highlanders." The General, who was deeply moved, looked in feeble health after his late illness. The Regimental Sergeant-Major called for three cheers for their old chief, and as he ascended the steps the Mayor called for three more. The train moved off slowly amid a storm of hurrahs

SIR GEORGE WHITE BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS OLD REGIMENT ON LEAVING LADYSMITH

seventy of his riff-raff of foreign legionaries, to whom, a day or two before, he had addressed a stirring appeal in the finest manner of General Ducrot: "There is here in front of the Vaal a people whom it is desired to rob of its rights, its properties, and its liberty, in order to satisfy some capitalists by its downfall. The blood that runs in the veins of this people is in part French blood. France, therefore, owes to it some striking manifestation of help. Ah, well! You are the men whom a soldier's temperament, apart from all the great obligations of nationality, has gathered under this people's flag, and may that flag bring with it the best of fortune! To me you are the finished type of a troop that attacks and knows not retreat." But this "troop" was presently to know something far worse than retreat, and that was surrender to a British force of Kimberley Mounted Corps and a few companies of Imperial Yeomanry, who rode at Villebois and his legionary riff-raff with exultant cries of "Tally-Ho!" "Yoicks!" and other fox-hunting whoops as if they had been careering across the vales of Leicestershire. Verily, there is truth in the reproach cast at us by Continental critics that we look upon war more as a sport than as a scientific pursuit. "They went to the final attack," said one correspondent, "making jubilant hunting noises, Eric Smith, the one-armed colonel of the Bucks, leading his men and waving his helmet to the accompaniment of whoops"—to the no small astonishment, and perhaps even admiration of the gallant but misguided Villebois before his career as a soldier of fortune was suddenly ended with a shrapnel bullet. He

true soldierhood at Tweifontein with still more brilliant results. As for Lord Methuen's other operations about Warrenton and elsewhere on the Vaal, they do not appear to have opened up any immediate prospect for the relief of Mafeking from the South—though all this district is still shrouded in a perplexing "fog of war." On the other hand, Colonel Plumer, in the north, has been repeatedly repulsed, while a sortie of Baden-Powell's gallant garrison were also repulsed. But a few days since, by means of shell and Maxim fire, it forced the Boers from their Brickfields' entrenchments, with the result that "the town is now comparatively free from rifle fire, and the Boers have been forced back in every direction upon their main lines of investment. . . . The native working party revelled in the Boers' biscuits and biltong, while our men with delight obtained news from the latest papers of Lord Roberts's entry into Bloemfontein, with details of Commandant Cronje's surrender and of the relief of Ladysmith. The garrison is keenly excited, and is in high spirits over the success of the well-fought battle at the Brickfields, which, with occasional breaks, has lasted three months, and has at last resulted in the discomfiture of the enemy." But it is to be feared that provisions are now very low, and that the Boers still have the means of starving, if not storming, the place into submission.

Raiding in the Free State

Otherwise the situation in the Free State is, no doubt, very much better than it looks to the eyes of those who are not privy to the

restorative service in a country which eats up our horses far more quickly than the favourable and fodder-abounding plains of France?

COLONEL DE VILLEBOIS-MAREUIL, who was killed in the action at Boshof reported by Lord Methuen, was a French officer of considerable distinction, who was employed by Dr. Leyds at the outset of the war to proceed to the Transvaal as Chief of the Staff to General Joubert. He was with Joubert throughout the siege of Ladysmith. After the defeat of General Buller in the first battle of Colenso the "Volkstem" officially announced that the credit of the victory was due to Colonel de Villebois, who had received the thanks of the Transvaal Government. At first he joined the Marine Infantry, and served in Cochinchina. He then received a captaincy in the Foot Chasseurs. With this rank he served in the Franco-Russian war. He was attached to the Army of the Loire, and was seriously wounded at the recapture of Blois. For the bravery he displayed on this occasion he was decorated on the field of battle. After passing through the School of War he was promoted a major, and was attached to the General Staff. On receiving his lieutenant-colonelcy he became Chief of the Staff of the Algerian Army Corps. Promoted a colonel, he commanded successively the 130th Regiment at Mayenne, the 67th at Soissons, and the 1st of the Foreign Legion at Sidi-Bel-Abbès. Having completed thirty years' service, he retired from the army three years ago, and at the outbreak of the present war he was one of the first to accept service with the Boers.

Paris Notings

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

It is now certain that the Exhibition will not be ready in time for the opening ceremony, nor will it be complete for at least a month hence. For this a certain amount of blame must be laid on M. Picard, the Commissary-General, who has, out of a false sense of *amour propre*, insisted, *coute qui coute*, opening the World's Fair of 1900 on the date originally fixed. The former Exhibitions opened on the day fixed, and M. Picard did not wish to do less than his predecessors.

Those interested, either as officials or exhibitors, point out that more work could be accomplished in a fortnight, as long as the public is excluded, than will be done in a month when some hundreds of thousands of visitors are thronging the grounds and interfering with the work. The idea is, I understand, to close the Exhibition at six o'clock for some weeks and hand it over to the workmen, who will work till six o'clock the following morning. Only towards the middle of June will it be possible to begin to keep open till eleven o'clock in the evening. The early visitors will, therefore, fail to see the Palace of Electricity lighted up, and the luminous fountains, which are to be among the "clous" of the Exhibition.

The unpreparedness of the great show has had the effect also of modifying the programme of the inaugural ceremony. It has now been arranged that M. Loubet will proceed to the Salle des Fêtes in the Gallerie des Machines on the Champ de Mars. Here M. Millerand, the Minister of Commerce, in whose department the Exhibition is, will deliver an address, to which the President of the Republic will reply, and will then declare the Exhibition of 1900 open. A visit will next be paid to a couple of the Palaces on the Champ de Mars, which will be specially pushed forward for the occasion. The President and the principal functionaries will then take boat at the Trocadero Bridge, and will sail up the river to the Esplanade des Invalides. This will allow the party to inspect the foreign pavilions, which line the left bank of the river, as far, at least, as the outward façade is concerned, and will



Corporal Noble acted as guide at the battles of Belmont, Graspan, Modder River, and Magersfontein. The distinguishing badge of Rimington's Scouts is the tiger's skin band to their hats, from which comes the nickname "Rimington's Tigers." Our photograph is by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

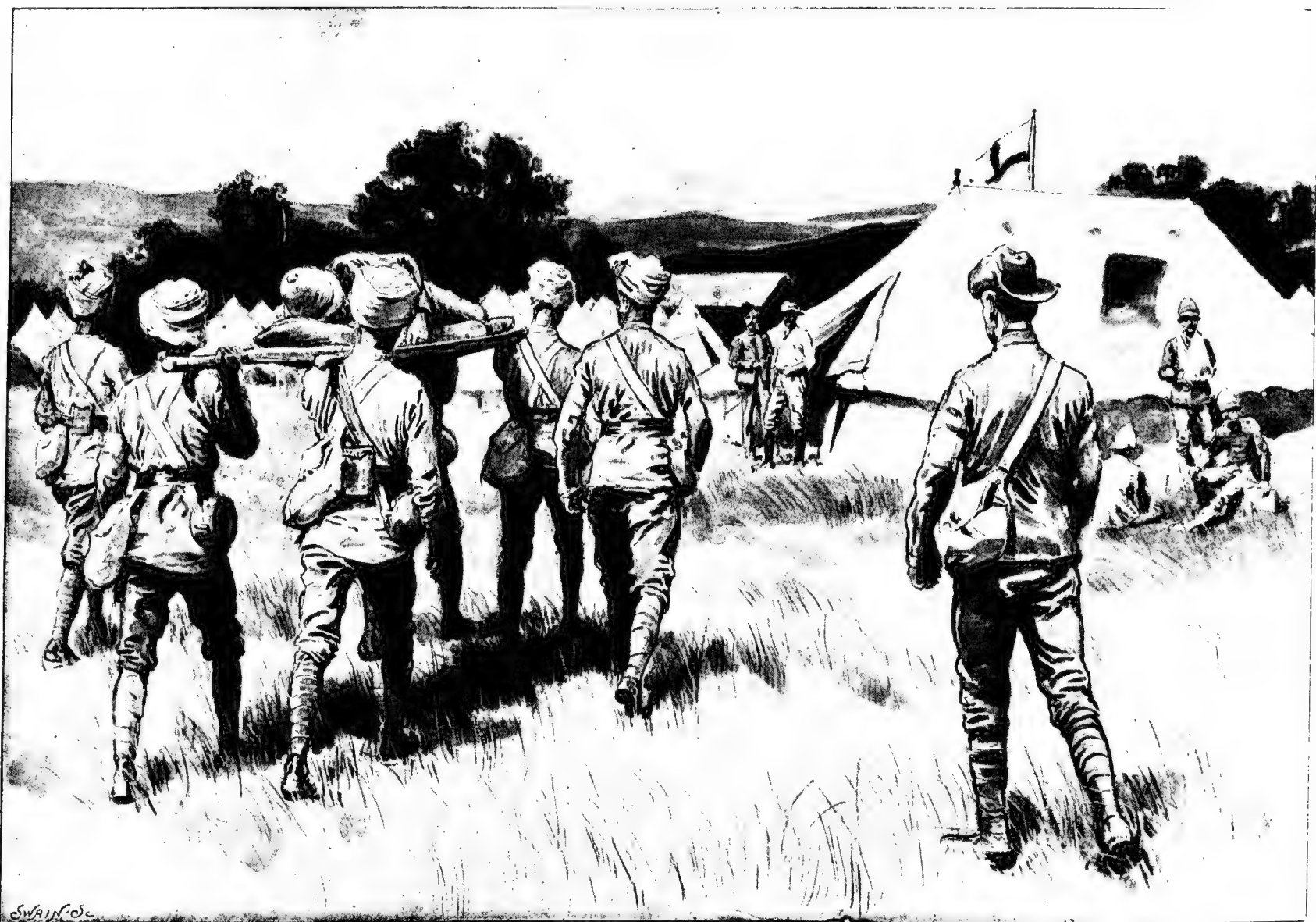
CORPORAL NOBLE, OF RIMINGTON'S SCOUTS

keep from the eyes of the Chief of the State the sight of the chaos and confusion which reigns behind. On the Esplanade des Invalides M. Loubet will visit the two Palaces to right and left, inspect the new Alexander III. Bridge, and then enter his carriage and drive to the

Elysée. Here he will enter for the first time by the new monumental gateway which is now being put up.

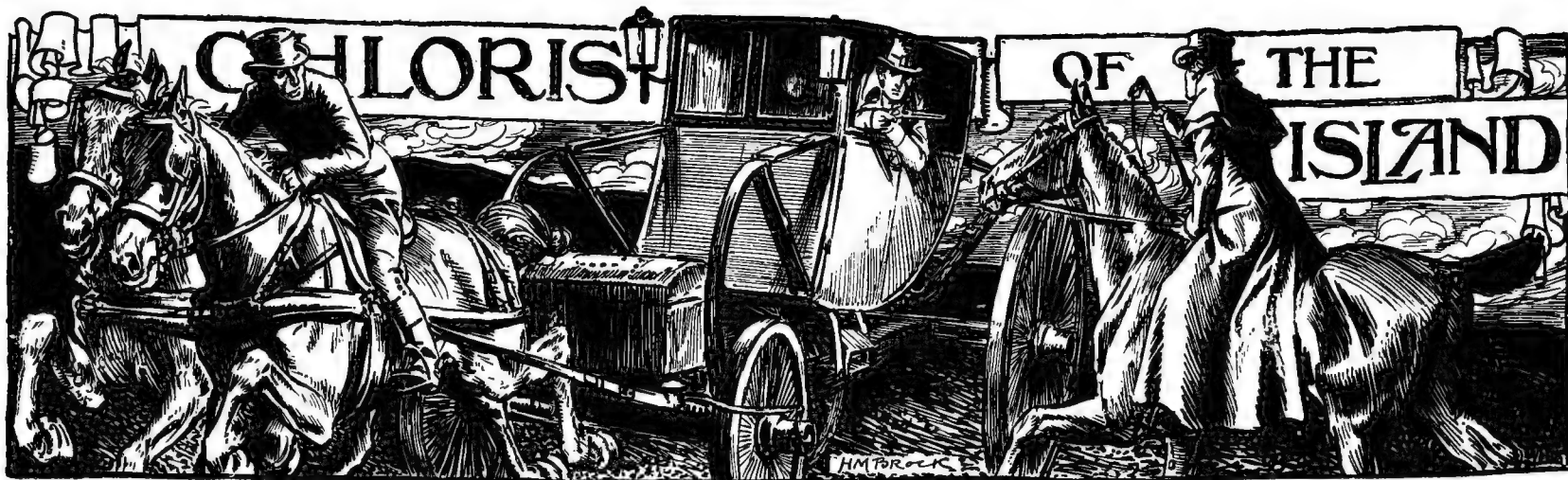
M. de Lur Saluces, one of the smaller fry in the prosecution before the High Court of Justice, who managed to escape arrest by flight, has just played a very bad first of April joke on his fellow-countrymen by announcing that he is going to return to take his trial. This will mean that the Senate will have to stop the discussion of the Budget, and for the third time transform itself into a High Court of Justice to try M. de Lur Saluces. This is the more irritating from the fact that if he had been tried with the others he would have been acquitted, as they were. As it was, being a defaulter, the Court was by law forced to give him the maximum sentence, which, however, falls to the ground the day he enters France. However, there is no help for it, and we must make up our minds to go through the dreary case all over again with what philosophy we may. The only good point about it is that it may give some foreign visitors to the Exhibition an opportunity of seeing the Senate sitting as a High Court, a sight that has only been seen twice since the foundation of the Republic. M. de Lur Saluces will probably regret his flight, as there is now every possibility that he will join M. Jules Guérin in Clairvaux Prison. The Conscript Father will certainly be in no pleasant humour with him.

There is nothing like travel for improving the mind. Here in Paris we learn many things regarding England, of which stay-at-home people remain ignorant. An excellent instance of this was the telegram from London printed by the *Eclair*, regarding the Queen's visit to Ireland. From this we learned that a reign of terror prevailed in Dublin, that troops, horse and foot, were being poured into the town to overawe the citizens, and that martial law had been proclaimed. Further, that thousands of visitors were being brought from Belfast at the expense of the Dublin Castle authorities. Hundreds of landlords and English functionaries crowd the hotels. They have arrived to organise official demonstrations of loyalty and spread terror among the opposition. The city is in a state of siege. The Queen passes between triple lines of soldiers, and is received in icy silence by the population. This fact, I will make bold to say, no one knows in England, and probably but for the *Eclair* never would have known. History will probably record that the Queen got such a welcome as she probably never received anywhere. Fortunately for the future historian the vigilant French Press is there to remove all these errors.



The services of the Natal Volunteer Force during the War have been most conspicuous, but it is not only as combatants that the Natalians have done good work. They have an excellent Volunteer Ambulance attached to the 5th Brigade with Sir Redvers Buller's force

WITH THE NATAL VOLUNTEER AMBULANCE CORPS: THE OPERATING TENT



By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK

CHAPTER II.

WHY WARBURTON REMAINED AT MARLOCK

WARBURTON re-entered the Inn with a smile upon his face, and stood in the hall deliberately, patting the jagged cut in his cheek with a kerchief. Here the innkeeper, Tremayne, met him displaying many marks of agitation.

"This is a terrible business, a terrible business, sir," he kept repeating.

Warburton eyed him coldly, seeing in him a mere craven, who shrinks from risks and responsibilities.

"You must prepare a room for the lady," he cried shortly; "she will have to stay here to-night."

"Was she—the gentleman married, sir?" asked Tremayne.

"No, the lady was to have been his wife. 'Twas a runaway match," said Warburton, turning from him.

"Good God—to think of that! I would have given worlds that it shouldn't ha' happened," cried the miserable innkeeper.

Warburton opened the door of the long room, which was still in darkness. The wood-fire spluttered and danced and shot long streams of light across the wainscot. Shirley's body lay stretched as he had left it, a patch of yellow flame illuminating one side of the face. Beside him was crouched Dorothy Holt, gazing with stupefaction at the dead. He addressed her.

"Come, Miss Holt; I have ordered a room for you. You had better drink a stiff glass of rest."

"What would you do with me?" she asked in a little whisper, as though she were surrendering herself like a child.

"You shall go home to-morrow. 'Tis too late to-night," he returned. "I will convey word to Sir George."

She burst out sobbing so that her body was shaken.

"Come, come," said he very kindly; "let me lift you. You are no weight, madam. There is a room elsewhere which you must seek." He led her, half supporting her with his arm, through the doorway, and presently conducted her to her chamber. On the threshold he paused.

"Will you send me back to-morrow," she whispered, clinging to him.

"Perish me if I don't," he said heartily; "I'll have you at home to dine comfortably, I promise you."

"What will you do?" she asked with an hysterical sob.

"I am needed here, Miss Holt," he replied after a perceptible silence; "yet I will see you home, child," he added soothingly.

"Don't leave me," she pleaded with an outburst. Her slender arms were about his shoulders.

"You have my word, child," said Warburton imperturbably.

She leaned her brown-gold head towards him, and cried fiercely in his ear: "Kill them, kill them for me."

"Faith, my dear," says Warburton good-humouredly, "I am going to do that for myself."

He put her gently through the door as if he had more important matters which called him and descended to Tremayne. "The time is near eleven o'clock," said he. "I would be awake at six to-morrow, and the lady too. Also, give word to the postillion of what we intend."

Yet these designs were not carried out according to his purpose, for scarce an hour was passed when there was a deep commotion at the door, and a knocking followed. Warburton looked up from his nightcap, and then, throwing aside the curtains, peered into the night. What he saw there drove him quickly from the room, and he came into the hall as a short, brisk, elderly man entered.

"Sir George Everett?" said he, bowing solemnly.

"Mr. Warburton," exclaimed the older man, "I know your family. I expected not to see you here, nor that you would meddle in this business."

"I assure you, sir, I have meddled in nothing," returned Warburton, coolly, "but I desire you to take a seat with me in this room."

Sir George Everett waved his hand impatiently, "I do not know how you stand, sir," he said, "but I shall know shortly," and then, to the innkeeper, "have you a lady here that arrived with a young gentleman, it may be some two hours back?"

Tremayne hesitated and stammered.

"Come, sirrah!" said the baronet impatiently.

"'Tis true, your honour, that two such entered here some time back," replied the poor innkeeper, "but indeed I am not responsible."

"Bah!" said Sir George, interrupting, "I care not what you are responsible for. Let the lady know that I am here."

"Sir George," said Warburton again, "I repeat, I desire you will take a seat with me to discuss certain matters."

"Be damned if I do," said Everett irritably. "I have had too much bother in this pursuit as it is to lend myself to more talk."

"Well, sir," says Warburton curtly, "then you will have it. Your ward's name is sadly tarnished by this flight."

"She may be picked out in spots for what I care," said Sir George pettishly.

"Nay, you do yourself injustice," remonstrated Warburton, "but she must go back with you."

"My good sir, I am come for that," said Sir George impatiently, "and to clap her friend in gaol."

"That you may not do," said the other. Everett regarded him questioningly. "He has been struck dead. He has had judgment delivered on him already," said Warburton ironically. "He has escaped you, sir."

"Why the devil, what is this?" demanded Everett.

"'Twas a bloody fight with some black bravo," says Warburton.

"He lies yonder, and your ward is asleep in her room."

Sir George Everett lifted his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders.

"'Tis a bad piece of work, as I hear it from you," he said, "yet I may confess it mightily conveniences me."

"They would be at sea otherwise," explained Warburton.

"Pish!" said Sir George with a sneer. "The jade does not know her mind, and she hath no heart." He commanded the innkeeper to fetch her down, and in response to Warburton's objections.

"I tell you, Mr. Warburton, I will tarry no more here. The sooner the better, though we ride all night."

Yet when his ward was brought he addressed her not unkindly.

"I catch you on a fool's errand, miss," he said. "Go, prepare for a return forthwith," and he added, with some sensible consideration in his voice, "you are to go home, child. This is no place for you, and you have no right here."

"To-morrow," says she, exhibiting some spirit for the first time, "to-morrow I should have had a right."

"All flesh is grass," said he with a grin. "You are in bondage again for all your trickery. Yet I would not be hard. Dorothy, you must obey me."

Her eyes dwelt on Warburton's face, as though making an appeal to him, and he came forward.

"Can I be of service, sir? Use my offices if you have any need of them. You are welcome."

"No," says Sir George, "you will stay here, I suppose. You are kind, but I can manage a wayward girl. We shall lie somewhere upon the road. I will not have her here. You are right to stay. I thank God it has ended comfortably," with which queer sentiment he bowed to Warburton and withdrew into a private room until Miss Holt should be ready.

When these were gone Warburton himself went up to bed, considering with himself not a little. He had resolved to stay until the coroner had sat upon the body, and, indeed, if he had desired to depart, he was not allowed for this reason. He was a witness of the death, and he asked no better than to give his evidence on that cruel deed. Warburton was but slowly moved, but, once in motion, he stopped with difficulty. At present his deliberate wits were engaged in turning over the incidents of that tragic night, and neither he nor any other could determine as yet how they would affect him. He had a notion, but there was nothing of it expressed upon his smooth face the next morning, when, after a wholesome breakfast, he began to put questions to Tremayne. He wanted to know who were these Carmichaels, and by what right they bullied the countryside.

"They're a proud race, sir," was the innkeeper's answer. "They've always held themselves high, and other folk, too. They live on Lynsea."

"Lynsea," said Warburton. "Where is Lynsea?"

The innkeeper pointed out of the window. "If you mount that bluff of sand, sir, you will look out upon the Gut to the south-east, and the Gut is what separates Lynsea from the mainland."

"Ah, 'tis an island," mused Warburton, "and these gentry own it."

"It was the property of the Tantellions," explained Tremayne, "and Sir Stephen Carmichael bought it from the heir-at-law some fifteen years ago."

"They give themselves airs for such new comers," said Warburton.

"I would not say any harm of them," said the landlord hurriedly; "they are very good customers to me. But Mr. Nicholas has a quick temper, no doubt of that."

The phrase tickled Warburton's sense of humour agreeably, and he laughed aloud.

"Why, yes, he has a very quick temper as you say," he said.

"A quick temper has Mr. Nick. We might say that there is something of the devil behind him and spurs him on. He is an ugly enemy."

"That is so, sir," ventured the innkeeper respectfully, but with a clandestine look at his interrogator. "No man hereabouts would like to cross Mr. Nicholas. Not that he is not generous enough, but he has a sore temper."

"Aye," says Warburton in a dry, meditative voice.

"'Tis a nasty cut you have, sir," pursued Tremayne, as if not unwilling to turn the conversation. "Was it a fall? I have a simple for an open bruise on the bone."

"Thankye, I will not use your simple, landlord," answered Warburton slowly. "No, 'twas no fall. I think it was a blunder. I daresay I shall carry that mark with me to the grave. In truth I would not lose it immediately. It has some close associations which I do not wish to dispel. I will keep it open that I may be reminded. I should be loth to miss that scar for some time to come."

Tremayne, who was a very brisk man with sharp eyes, but a sad coward, studied his averted face attentively and with anxiety. He showed uneasiness in his guest's presence, and reluctance under his examination, which facts had been noted by Warburton, whose observation was quick enough though his brain worked leisurely. It was plain that the man went in fear of these Carmichaels, but for what reason Warburton could not guess.

The inquest was appointed for four o'clock that afternoon, and towards three Warburton was informed that Sir Stephen Carmichael begged the honour of an interview. He descended, and found a tall and venerable man, who accosted him with great ceremony. He had the grey eyes of his family, and also the high stature, and he was about sixty years of age, though his long hair was as white as at four-score.

"Mr. Warburton," he began, with much grace, and leaning heavily on a stick, "I am come about this miserable affair. I deplore it. That unhappy youth—" he made a vague and indifferent gesture towards the room in which lay the body of Jack Shirley, waiting the Coroner. "I lament the trivial origin of modern duels, but then I am not a young man."

"The stroke," said Warburton coolly, "was an evil one. For an older man so to thrust a young lad, and with such vice, was assassination. Moreover, the affray was provoked."

"Ah!" cried Sir Stephen with a sigh. "You agitate me. My poor Nick! He has a damnable temper. We are of Irish blood, Mr. Warburton, and it breaks out. I am too old, but Nick is young, and he has a devil."

"Aye," says Warburton nodding, "that he has."

Those keen eyes were bent on him, as though they could strike into the private chambers of his heart, and pry out what he thought. But Warburton stood like a wall of stone, impervious and impenetrable, and after a pause the baronet turned away with an impatient gesture of his fingers, as though he would dismiss for ever this stolid, stupid Englishman. But what he said was dictated by a delicate courtesy and characterised by fine manners.

"I trust I have not disturbed or offended you in this call, Mr. Warburton," he said, "but I could not resist the impulse to tell you of my profound regret. I know nothing which has upset me so these two years."

"You are very good," said Warburton civilly, bowing.

There was nothing said after this, and Sir Stephen left, walking with difficulty by the aid of his stick. When he had gone the younger man returned to his occupation, and read quietly until the Coroner was announced. Then he made his way into the long room, where the body of the unfortunate boy was exposed upon a table.

Coroners' inquests in those times, and particularly in such outlying private corners, were by no means ordered with the formality and precision of later days. Yet there was a fine show of decorum, and all the austerity which characterises English justice. Nicholas Carmichael gave his evidence, which was supported by his brother, and the poltroon Tremayne corroborated both. The story, as they made it out, differed in some particulars from that which Warburton had to tell. According to these three witnesses, the dead man had conducted himself truculently, and so provoked a quarrel. He had defamed the Carmichaels, and challenged Nicholas to the duel. This had its rise in an unfortunate accident which occurred earlier in the evening. The Carmichaels had been riding hard down the combe, and, unluckily, collided with some horses in the darkness. These, as was subsequently discovered, were conveying Mr. Shirley's chaise. Mr. Shirley had chosen to take affront at this accident, and had used it to provoke Mr. Carmichael. This version was exceeding plausible; nay, Warburton himself could not contradict it in any detail. Yet the spirit of that fatal conflict was not rendered in such a mild translation into language. Nicholas Carmichael's ferocious eyes still sparkled in Warburton's memory, and he regarded the man as he gave his evidence with amazement and curiosity. He was dull and dark of face now; a sombre, even a sullen, temper cloaked him; he was not alive nor quick with anything, but handsome still and black and graceful, as Warburton had learned all the Carmichaels were graceful.

The innkeeper it was who most excited Warburton's anger. He was visibly affected with fears, and shrank from questions. Yet he



"Warburton opened the door of the long room, which was still in darkness. The wood-fire spluttered and danced and shot long streams of light across the wainscot. Shirley's body lay stretched as he had left it, a patch of yellow flame illuminating one side of the face. Beside him was crouched Dorothy Holt, gazing with stupefaction at the dead."

bore out the brother's statements, acknowledging that Mr. Shirley was the first to attack, but declared that he saw nothing of the fight, since he had rushed from the room in search of someone who might interfere between the combatants. It was not long ere Warburton could see in what direction the result would go. He displayed no animosity in his own evidence, for he had already decided that restitution for this crime must be exacted outside the courts of justice. The law, or at least, those rude jurors, living under the terror of the Carmichaels, would look upon it benevolently. He admitted, therefore, that his friend had been excited by wine, while adding that he had been very justly aggrieved by the accident in the combe. "What I want to say is this," he said deliberately, looking at Nicholas Carmichael, "that this man wilfully and viciously killed a boy of twenty-one, who had little skill and no head, and who was already half-tipsy with drinking." He was called to order sharply by the Coroner, who admonished him that what he saw, and not what he thought, was required of him.

"I have said what I have to say," said he simply, and stood down.

By assiduous study, and the most diligent consultation, those few jurors came to the conclusion, which, however negligent of official form, must have admirably suited the Carmichaels. They found "that the deceased was dead, having been killed in a duel with Nicholas Carmichael, Esq., of Lynsea, who had endeavoured to avert the same, and upon whom no responsibility rested."

"In fact, sirs," summed up the Coroner upon the top of this deliverance, "Mr. Carmichael's honour remains unchanged."

Warburton listened without a word, but his nostrils distended and his cheeks flushed slightly. He met Nicholas Carmichael's sneering countenance, and stared on him full for some minutes. Then he left the room and, putting on his hat, walked down to the village, which was a scattered collection of houses, gathered to the sea. Here some time later Philip Carmichael met him, and gave him an impudent and friendly nod.

"Gad, this is a devilish nasty business, Mr. Warburton," said he easily, "a devilish nasty business."

"I suppose it is," answered Warburton, eyeing him. The younger Carmichael stared as though he were puzzled by this exhibition of indifference.

"He was a hot-head, was Shirley. So, too, is Nick. Nick has the deuce of a temper."

"So I have heard," said Warburton. "So Sir Stephen Carmichael was good enough to explain."

Philip's face looked something perplexed. "You have seen my father?" said he. "Well, I'm devilish sorry for it all—so I am."

Warburton nodded and passed on. Sir Stephen also had expressed his sorrow for the tragedy, but that was before the verdict. Warburton was shrewd enough to guess with what intention the old gentleman had called upon him. Yet, there could be no furtive design in Philip Carmichael's chatter. Perhaps the family was not wholly bad.

When he regained the Three Feathers the innkeeper attended him, seeming now more cheerful and sprightly. Warburton's disgust did not sound in his words as he congratulated the man on being clear of a trouble.

"I go to-morrow with the body. The boy must lie with his fathers," said he.

"Ah, sir, I was intending to ask you that," said Tremayne

briskly. "Now these sad events are over, you will be thinking of going. I'm sure I'm sorry to lose your custom, sir, seeing that there is little enough—"

"Nay, worry not yourself, my good fellow," interrupted Warburton. "I shall return."

"Return!" echoed the innkeeper in a voice which rang at once with amazement and disquiet.

"Aye, sir, return," pursued Warburton. "The truth is, Tremayne, I like your wine, and I have a particular zest for your brandy."

"To be sure, sir," said the fellow, whose face had fallen flabby.

"He wants me gone," says Warburton to himself as he got out of the inn and made his way towards the dunes. "What mischief does he want me gone?"

He walked in a meditative state for an hour or more, the strong winds that blew off the water. But just as he was about to return he saw below him on the sandy beach of a little man's figure busy with a boat. He watched it idly, and a skiff was launched, when of a sudden, he knew not how, a character brought the man's identity to his mind. Tremayne.

Warburton watched him laying his course for the island of Lynsea, which rose a mile away to the north-west, and he frowned.

"Now, why the devil," he communed with himself, "does the devil run this sorry fellow to acquaint the Carmichaels that he is not leaving Lynsea? I seem to be of some interest to them, Roger Warburton, 'and, by God, so shall I prove.'"

CHAPTER III.

THE TRESPASSER ON THE ISLAND

THE village of Marlock was stretched upon a little flat, opened down to the sea between two ranges of high cliffs. A gap in those defences of the sea wall was, indeed, the bottom of a combe where it ran into the shore and opened suddenly in the distance. Behind, the combe was clothed with wood, and sprinkled with farms to the edge of the moorland above, but the space in which the village had grown was barren of all save grass and sand and small bushes. The winds and sands from the open sea swept down the combe into the friendly valleys; dwarfed plants lived furtively and bred among the ranker grasses. On any day, save that of high summer, the place wore a desolate and dreary look with its white houses gleaming in the eye of the sun, the grey expanse of flat, and the yellow dunes that rose upwards into the heights of the north. It was a cold and bleak scene when the sea-winds broke into the gap, and fled shrieking down the combe as though escaping from fiercer spirits out at sea. They might be pursuing something even into the warm bosom of the combe. Upon the southern side of the village the cliffs rose swiftly to a great height, running hurriedly out into the water half a mile or more and terminating in a promontory, against which the huge waves threshed all day and all night in the tempestuous seasons. Indeed, this cape was always at war; the broken water about it was never silent, but grumbled and tossed even in the most halcyon weather; and the wind snapped in and out of the caves that the tides had worn through many ages. On the stillest day these winds were screaming, no doubt because of the reverberations among the many hollows of the rocks, and though the water was at peace the tide could be heard sucking in the holes below and drawing off and returning with a moaning, seething sound that was not comfortable to the ears. Yet this great wall served to protect Marlock upon one side from the fiercer gales. Out of the village itself you might descend upon a reach of foreshore which ran northwards for a mile under the great dunes. These were precipitous towards the sea, and covered with the coarse grasses that inhabit such soil. But as the land ran to the north it sloped outwards into the ocean, which fell away, and fell away before the advancing dunes until a second point concluded the movement, and stood up like its southern



"Which of you has a boat for hire?" he asked. A sudden silence fell upon them, and none hastened to reply. "Come," says Warburton. "I see a flotilla yonder, kicking at their anchors. What's amiss with a job?"



THE LATE CAPTAIN A. C. GOING
Killed at Paardeberg



THE LATE LIEUTENANT P. F. BRASSEY
Killed near Kimberley



FLEET-PAYMASTER KAY, R.N.
Died of enteric fever on H.M.S. *Powerful*



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. M. KEMBLE
Died of enteric at Bloemfontein



THE LATE COLONEL THE HON. G. H. GOUGH
Died at Norval's Pont

VICTIMS OF THE WAR

fellow to the assaults and investments of the elements. Marlock thus lay in an arc of the land and huddled from its rough friends. The space between the village and the northern point was filled in with a great waste of dunes, mounting and descending, so that a man might wander there for days uncertain of his way. It was from these melancholy hills that the traveller's eye might fare still further north and strike the island of Lynsea.

The island lay beyond the point, and scarcely half a mile from it. It was embayed in a curve of the coast, and, thus protected, faced a piece of mainland that was bright and smiling with fields and hedges and rich with trees. The country here, in fact, had quite another appearance, for the harsh winds did not reach these farms, which were as safe in the recesses of a valley. The habitations in this tract of coast were sparse. It forbade and lowered on the cultivator. There was work indeed for fishermen when the weather served, and even now on this May afternoon a little fleet of boats stood at anchor off Marlock, their noses pointing from the land, and straining at the cables before a brisk southerly wind.

Warburton had returned from his mission, the dead body of the unfortunate Shirley reposed in the vault in which his fathers lay, and now, his melancholy office concluded, his friend stood upon the black dunes, and kept his gaze towards the island of the Carnichaels. Here the assassin (as Warburton held him to be) had sought refuge, and here he must be sought and brought to bay. The sun was shining warmly, and the water was dancing merrily. It was of a deep blue, the colour of lapis-lazuli, but close to the shore the breakers showed their white heads, and a low thunder rose on the air. Warburton turned and walked in a leisurely fashion, yet as one whose mind is determined, towards the village. The dispirited prospect of the bare dunes did not affect him; he was not one that moved to the impressions of his environment. His sensibilities were dull, as dull as his senses were sharp—nay, they were rather grave and slow, and found a difficult passage to his soul. The bland sea invited him, its treacherous flaws hardly discernible upon the immeasurable face of moving water. He descended into Marlock, and passed to a group of fishermen who stood chatting by their boats.

"Which of you has a boat for hire?" he asked.

A sudden silence fell upon them, and none hastened to reply.

"Come," says Warburton. "I see a flotilla yonder, kicking at their anchors. What's amiss with a job?"

"Where might you be going, sir?" inquired one of the fishermen. "Oh, deuce take you; I have a mind for a sail. I offer good money," returned Warburton impatiently.

The man cocked his eye at the sky. "It will be blowing later," he observed reluctantly.

"Come, come; that's my business," exclaimed Warburton with asperity. "What is your price? Shall we say a guinea?"

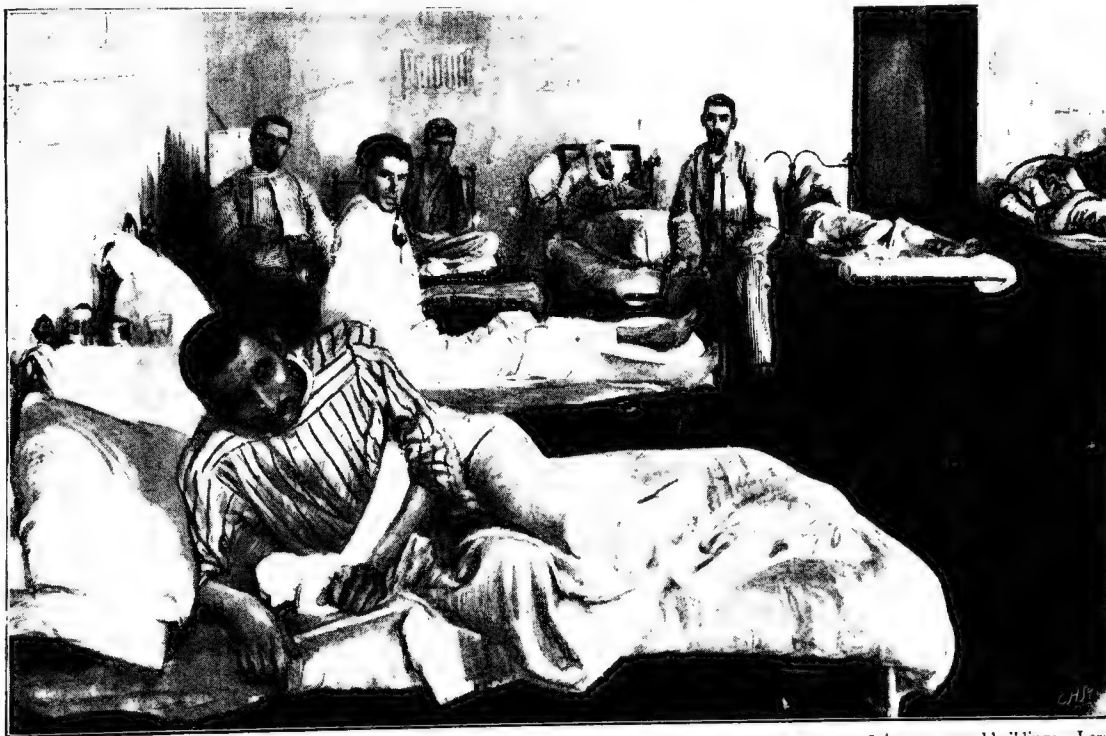
The sun appeared to overcome the laziness or the distrust exhibited by this fellow, for he began to push his dinghy into the water. The others of the group exchanged glances, but were silent.

(To be continued)

var in South Africa, she was delayed, and Mr. Kay, as accountant and commissariat officer, was sent up to Ladysmith with the Naval Brigade, which Sir George White has so eloquently confessed arrived just "in the nick of time." Our portrait is by A. Debenham, Southsea.

Lieutenant Percy Frederick Brassey, killed near Kimberley, was the second son of Mr. Albert Brassey, M.P., by his marriage with the Hon. Matilda Maria Helena, second daughter of the late Baron Clannmorris and sister of the present lord. He was born on December 10, 1876, and entered the 9th Lancers on May 27, 1890. Our portrait is by Gillman and Co., Oxford.

Colonel the Hon. George Hugh Gough, C.B., Assistant Adjutant-General to the Cavalry Division in South Africa, who died on the 29th ult. at Norval's Pont, was the second son of the second Viscount Gough, and was born in 1852. His first war service was in the Transvaal Campaign of 1881, when he was aide-de-camp to the Officer Commanding Lines of Communication and Base. In 1882 he served as aide-de-camp to Lieutenant-General Sir F. Hamley in the Egyptian Expedition, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. In 1883 Major Gough passed through the Staff College, and in 1884-85 served on the Nile in command of the mounted infantry, and was present at Abu Klea, where he was wounded. In 1896 Colonel Gough was made a C.B., and in 1897 was appointed private secretary to the Commander-in-Chief. With one short interval, Colonel Gough remained on Lord Wolseley's personal Staff until 1899, when he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General to Lieutenant-General French, commanding the Cavalry Division in South Africa. As described last week, Lord Roberts ordered the body of Colonel Gough to be brought to Bloemfontein for an impressive military funeral, and with all his staff he followed the grandson of the conqueror of the Punjab to the



After the battle of the Modder the town of Jacobsdal was regarded strictly as a hospital, and the Red Cross was flying on several buildings. Lord Roberts on his arrival at the place visited the hospital of the German Red Cross Society, and he found several British wounded there. Lord Roberts was very pleased with the skill and attention bestowed upon them. Our photograph is by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

A WARD IN THE GERMAN HOSPITAL AT JACOBSDAL

Our Portraits

FLEET-PAYMASTER WILLIAM HOBART FENDALL KAY, of H.M.S. *Powerful*, who served with Capt. the Hon. Hedworth Lambton's Naval Brigade through the siege of Ladysmith, was attacked by fever soon after the town was relieved, and died at Ascension Island, whilst on the way home. Fleet-Paymaster Kay was appointed to the *Powerful*, which commissioned at Portsmouth on August 1, 1897, and had therefore served the whole of the commission on the China Station. On the way home from Hong Kong, owing to the

grave. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Captain A. C. Going, King's Own Scottish Borderers, who was killed in action near Brandfort, was the son of Alexander Going, Matavilla, Cahir, co. Tipperary. Our portrait is by Wyrall, Aldershot.

Captain C. M. Kemble, of the Army Service Corps, has died of enteric fever at Bloemfontein. He was born in 1870. Our portrait is by Wyrall and Co., Aldershot.

Our portraits of officers of the Imperial Yeomanry are by the following photographers:—Lt.-Col. R. B. Colvin, by Bullingham, Harrington Rd., S.W.; Capt. Sir James Miller, Bart., by W. Crooke, Edinburgh; Capt. the Hon. E. J. Mills, by Elliott and Fry, Baker St.; Capt. Andrew Coats, by Lafayette, Glasgow.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. B. COLVIN
Commanding the 20th Battalion



CAPTAIN SIR JAMES MILLER, BART.
Lothian and Berwickshire Contingent



CAPTAIN THE HON. E. J. MILLS
West Kent Contingent



CAPTAIN ANDREW COATS
Lanarkshire Contingent



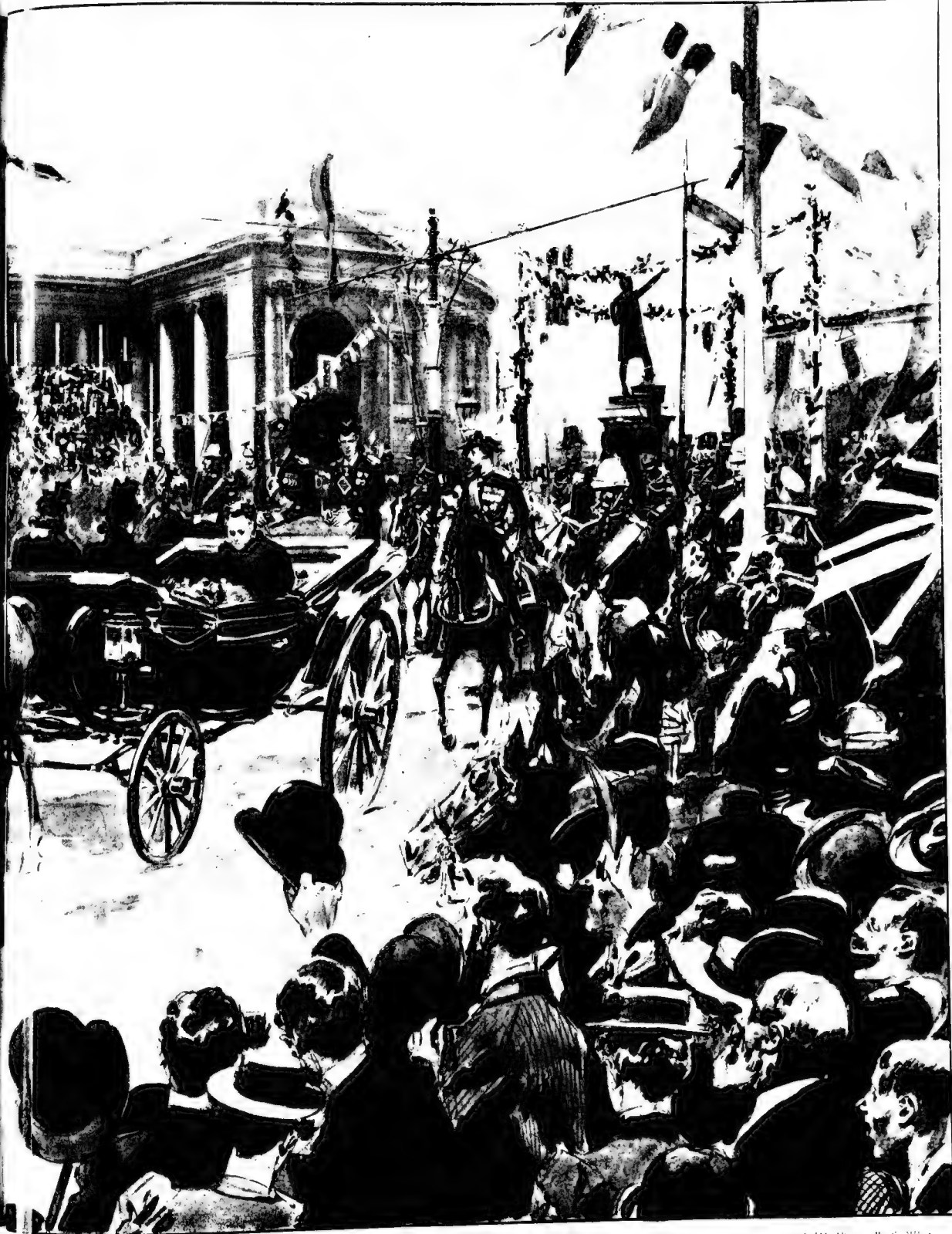
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ST. LEGER MOORE
Commanding the 17th Battalion

OFFICERS OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY



DESIGNED BY DE HAENEN

The reception given to the Queen on her arrival in Dublin was most enthusiastic. One of the main streets met. As the procession passed Trinity College on the right, the principal points passed by the procession was at the corner of Dame Street, where three (on the left) past the Bank of Ireland (once the National Parliament) into Dame

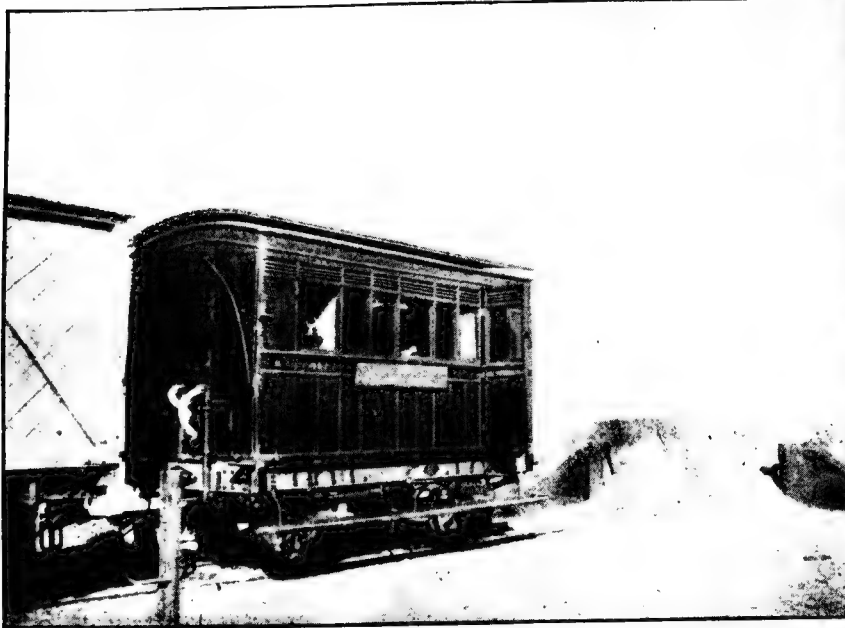


FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. G. MILES

the presented was very huge. As far as the eye could see, fluttered hundreds of flags, streets, stood dense throngs of people, and every window and door was crowded with spectators, all enthusiastically waving hats and handkerchiefs. Behind the ranks of soldiers who lined the

THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL IN DUBLIN: HER

MAJESTY PASSING THE OLD PARLIAMENT HOUSE



THE SALOON



THE INTERIOR OF THE SALOON

The Assistant Director of Railways, Mr. Mance, on the line between Orange River and the Modder, has had his hands full of work; first, in keeping the line clear for sending supplies to Lord Methuen's force, and,

latterly, in reopening the traffic from Kimberley. He practically lives on the line, and his office is a saloon coach. In our illustration of the interior of the saloon, Lieutenant Smith, R.A., is shown in the foreground

THE OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF RAILWAYS ON THE EASTERN RAILWAY IN CAPE COLONY

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

DURING this absolutely detestable winterly spring which we have up to the present moment experienced—and from which we shall probably be acutely suffering at the time these lines appear—I have been wondering where one could go to enjoy a little warmth and comfort. As far as I have been able to ascertain each place that is suggested happens to be rather worse than the other. At this moment arrives a letter from an old friend who is staying at Las Palmas, Grand Canary. He says, "How any one who has nothing to do can stay in England and suffer, when they can come here and luxuriate in every way on 20*l.* a year, is a

conundrum which can only be answered by the future. It will be answered to-morrow. Here there is positively no present. All the steamers will arrive to-morrow, the ones that are alongside will start to-morrow. To-morrow will be the millennium, when I shall be properly understood and made much of. I shall be well to-morrow, drink port, dance a fandango, and sing 'Tra, la, la!' I hope you will come here and become King of one of these islands." I would that I could start thither at this very moment.

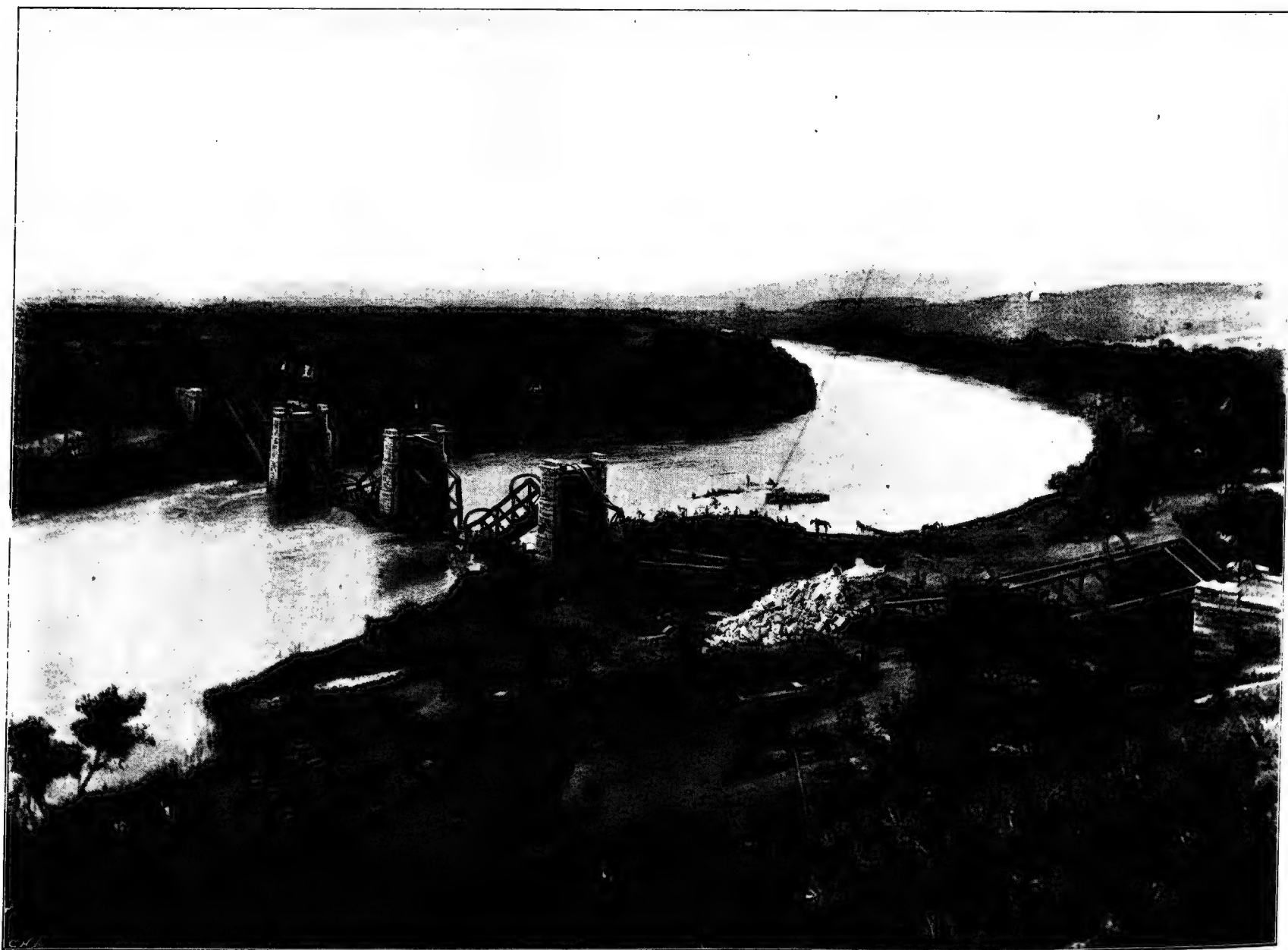
My friend informs me that *Mañana* is the watchword of the place, and I feel that I should thoroughly appreciate and revel in such a to-morrowful atmosphere. He who wrote

Reflect—to-morrow never comes, and so
Do go to-morrow, then you'll never go!

would luxuriate in this delightful quarter, where the perpetual motto is "Always put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." When my friend says, "When I looked out from my balcony this morning two camels had given up doing their work, and their

attendant smoked in the shade, a vulture swung in the atmosphere as lazily as a heron, while a big butterfly, the size of a wideawake hat fluttered past to its breakfast." And who further praises the climate, the white sands, the seas, "deeply darkly, beautifully blue," like unto those painted by James C. Hook, Royal Academician, and the many pleasing pictures recalling the brilliant complexions, the white teeth, and the flashing eyes of the mantilla-ed beauties of John Phillip, I feel I must at once pack a portmanteau and start by the next steamer.

One scarcely ought to accuse photographers and snap-shooters of want of activity, but yet there seem to be occasions when they are singularly wanting in energy and discrimination. The especial opportunities that they seem to neglect to avail themselves of are often occurring in London of the present day. In these times of perpetual change and everlasting demolition of our good old city, they seem to miss many excellent chances. Some years ago invaluable work was done in this direction by the "Society for the



This photograph shows the country over which our men had to advance from the opposite side. The bridge was destroyed by the Boers in November after our troops had evacuated Colenso and retreated to Estcourt. Our photograph is by S. S. Watkinson

WORK FOR THE ENGINEERS: THE RUINS OF COLENZO RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE TUGELA



MR. F. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, M.P., AND CAPTAIN ARVID WESTER
(SWEDISH ARMY)

SPECTATORS AT THE FRONT

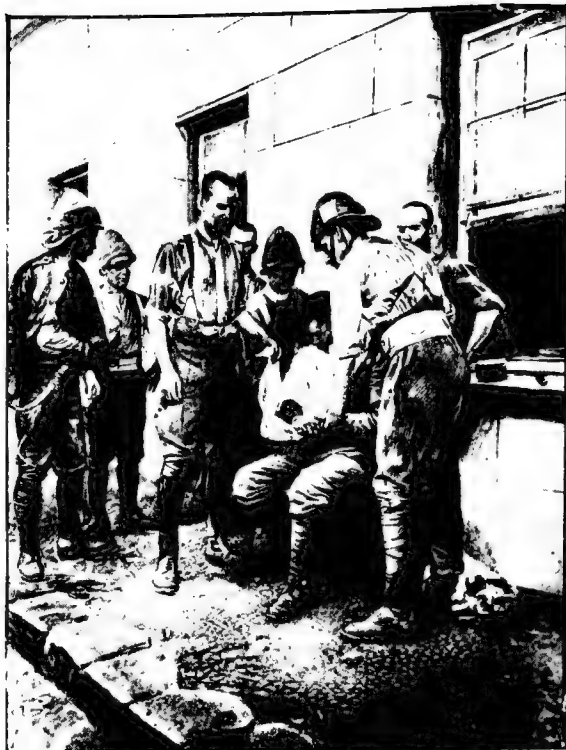
From a Photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele

Photographing the Ancient Buildings of London," which had the advantage of the untiring energy, the vast knowledge, and the excellent taste of Mr. Alfred Marks as secretary. This society came to an end, at the very time when it might have been of the greatest service, simply from want of efficient support. It ought to have been officially recognised, and to have been supported by a Government grant. But this by the way. What I was going to say is that photographers are not half wide-awake in these days of general wrecking of ancient streets. There are two pictures they should accomplish: the old buildings before they are removed, and

the view of the site after it is cleared. If such photographs were taken they would, in time, become invaluable.

When that vast stack of buildings abutting on Dean's Court was pulled down you had such a view of St. Paul's as has not been seen for centuries. I recollect pointing this out at the time, but the lofty buildings have been erected higher than ever, and I am not aware that any one took a photograph that should chronicle this matchless view. Now, of course, it is lost for ever. There was another chance at the Cheapside corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, but I cannot recall that that has been taken advantage of. There is at the present moment a superb opportunity where the houses have been pulled down in the Strand. You now have a prospect of the church of St. Clement Danes such as none of this generation have ever seen before, and you also behold the upper part, the spires and towers, of the Law Courts, which are certainly more picturesque and dignified than the lower portions. Indeed, I have been seldom more impressed with the building than when I beheld this particular view. Let us hope some photographer will secure it before it becomes obscured.

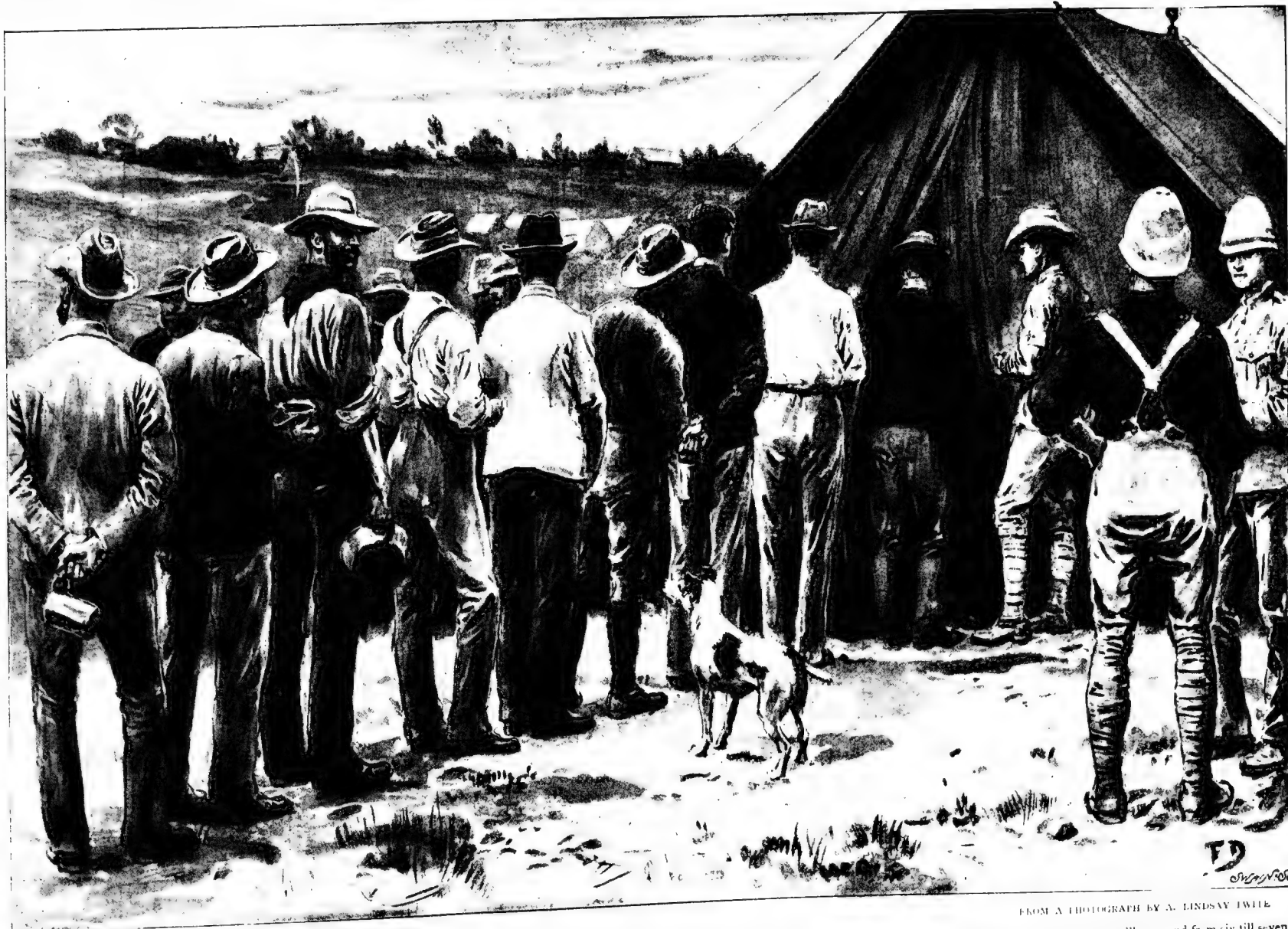
The death of Professor Pepper awakens some of the earliest recollections of my youth in connection with the Royal Polytechnic Institution. For here I was taken to improve my mind when a very small boy. Amiable critics aver that my course of study at the Polytechnic or anywhere else demonstrate the fact that if any mental improvement has taken place my brain must have been in a hopeless state when the aforesaid curriculum was forced upon me. No matter! I have vivid recollections of Professor Pepper and his ghosts, of Professor Ryan, of George Buckland's musical entertainments, and Dr. Bachoffner, who used to lecture on gun-cotton. (Why are you likely to see an eminent lecturer on gun-cotton at the Polytechnic more frequently than the composer of "Orphée aux Enfers"? Because the last is only Offenbach, but the first is Bachoffner? This was a conundrum in my early manner. You need not laugh unless you are inclined.) I also recall with terror the great electrical machine, with a shudder the diving-bell, with amusement the diver, who used to rap his helmet with the coins he fished out of the deep pool, with awe the blowing-up of the *Royal George*, with pleasure the trips on the atmospheric railway, with delight the coining press, with impatience the glass-blower, with trembling the galvanic battery, with the greatest interest the models of shipping, with joy the dissolving views and the whirling chromatope, and with unutterable disgust the dry, scientific lectures. When I come to think of it you had a marvellous return for your money at the Polytechnic, for I believe you could remain there half a day for your shilling.



General French, in his brilliant march from Jacobsdal to Kimberley, crossed the Modder River at Klip's Drift. There, in a farmhouse, some of the wounded were left behind, and our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele, photographed one or two of them while their wounds were being attended to

BANDAGING THE WOUNDED AT KLIP'S DRIFT

It is good news to hear that at the ensuing exhibition at Earl's Court considerable space and attention will be devoted to the National Laundry Association. It is high time something was done to reform the laundresses and laundries throughout England. Probably in London we are worse off than anywhere else. There are excellent laundries, no doubt, but they are difficult to discover, and when found will often only consent to take large quantities of washing. The consequence is that one has to put up with a laundress in a small way of business, who uses all sorts of abominable chemicals. The result of this is that you will find a new shirt will last barely a month. The whole thing is absurd, because laundry work is a very profitable business if only properly accomplished. As it is, most of us pay an extravagant price for having our clothes ruined.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

The men here shown belong to the Natal Volunteer Ambulance Corps, which has a field hospital attached to the 5th Brigade with Sir Redvers Buller. Beer is anything but plentiful with the troops, and is served out

with great care. The canteen is only open for an hour twice a day— from one till two, and from six till seven in the evening

THIRSTY AMBULANCE MEN AT THE BEER CANTEN

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Irish Street Ballad, (1798.)

Moderato.

Old English Melody

mf

1. Oh! the Pad-dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go-ing round? The
 2. Then since the col-our we must wear is Eng-land's cru-el red, 'Twill

p sham-rock is for-bid by law-to grow on I-rish ground; Saint
 serve but to re-mind us of the blood that has been shed; You may

p Pat-rick's day no more we'll keep, his col-our can't be seen, For
 take the sham-rock from your hat and cast it on the sod, But

f there's a cru-el law a-gin the wear-ing of the green. I
 nev-er fear, 'twill take root there, tho' un-der foot 'tis trod. When

p

1. met with Nap-per Tan-dy and he tuk me by the hand, And-said
 2. laws can stop the blades of grass from grow-ing as they grow, And

f

he, How's poor ould Ire-land, and how does she stand? She's the
 when the leaves in sum-mer-time their ver-dure dare not show, Then

ff

most dis-tress-ful coun-try that ev-er yet was seen; They're
 I will change the col-our that I wear in my cau-been; But

hang-ing men and wom-en there for wear-ing of the green.
 till that day, please God, I'll stick to wear-ing of the green

THE ORIGINAL VERSION OF "THE WEARING OF THE GREEN"

REPRINTED FROM "THE SCOTTISH STUDENTS' SONG BOOK" BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. BAILEY AND FERGUSON, GLASGOW

(See opposite page for new rendering by Miss Sullivan)

"BY ORDER OF THE QUEEN"

(Dedicated to the Irish Regiments at the Front. South Africa, 1900.)

Tune—"The Wearin' of the Green."

"Her Majesty the Queen is pleased to order that in future all ranks in Her Majesty's Irish Regiments shall wear, as a distinction, a sprig of Shamrock in their head-dress on St. Patrick's Day, to commemorate the gallantry of her Irish Soldiers during the recent battles in South Africa."

Oh, Paddy dear, and did ye hear
The news that's going round?
Sure, every Irish regiment will
Proclaim the joyful sound.
No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep
By mourning for the "Green,"
We're bold to wear our shamrock high—
By order of the Queen!
I thought of "Bobs" and White,
And of many a hundred more,
Each proving Irish loyalty
In death and danger sore;
They're the finest set of fighters
That ever yet was seen,
And they're wearing high the shamrock
now—
By order of the Queen!

Oh! if the colour that they wear
Be stained a cruel red,
'Tis only with the loyal blood
That Irishmen have shed.
Then place the shamrock in your hat,
Proud sign you love to show,
In honour of the gallant dead
Who bore it 'gainst the foe.
If Irish pluck and loyalty
Could dim and dimmer grow,
And England's love and gratitude
Our Ireland could forego—
Then I would lay the badge aside,
That many a field has seen,
Till then, please God, the shamrock's mine—
By order of the Queen!

So when we wear our shamrock loved,
'Twill speak to us of those
Who never fled a stricken field,
Nor feared to meet their foes.
From Fontenoy to Spion Kop,
Plassey to Pieter's Hill,
Sons of the Empire still they stand
By it through good or ill.
And she, our Queen, well knows their worth,
Her tears for them are shed,
And the shamrock's doubly sacred
That means honour to our dead.
Victoria in her people's hearts
Enshrined for aye has been:
Not least in those who wear the sprig—
By order of the Queen!

ISABEL SULLIVAN.

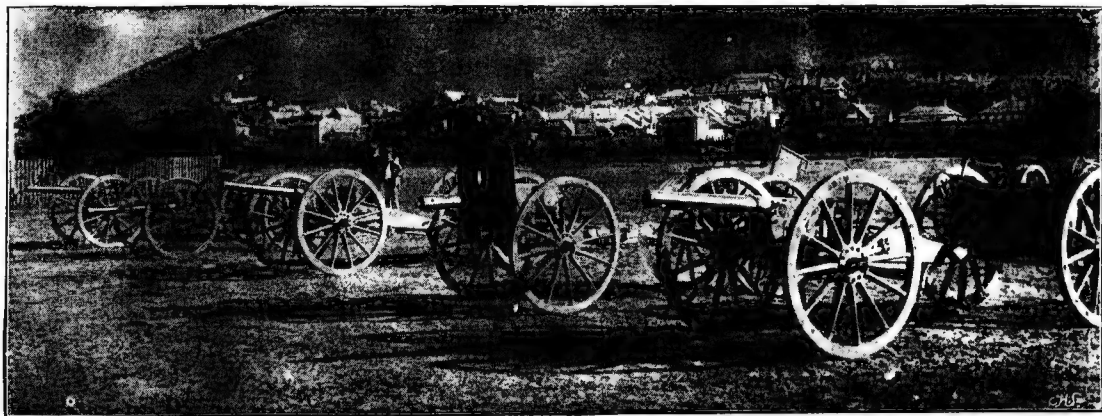
(Copyright. All rights reserved.)

This new version of "The Wearing of the Green" is published by special permission of the authoress. We also reproduce, on the opposite page, the old accepted version, which we have taken from "The Scottish Students' Song Book," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Bailey and Ferguson, of Glasgow. The new version is from the pen of Miss Sullivan—the daughter of Admiral Sullivan—and has become exceedingly popular. On St. Patrick's Day, when it was first produced at the Albert Hall, the audience insisted on an encore. It was also sung with great applause at the recent Thanksgiving Concert at the Albert Hall.



General French in his rapid march across Cronje's lines of communication left some of his wounded at Klip's Drift on the Modder. Our photograph, which is by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele, shows a number of wounded lying in Wagon House, Klip's Drift.

WOUNDED LEFT AT KLIP'S DRIFT



Six guns were taken at Paardeberg when General Cronje and 4,000 men surrendered. The guns captured were as follows:—From Transvaal: three 7.5 centimetre Krupp 9-pounders and one Maxim. From Orange Free State: one 7.5 centimetre Krupp, one Maxim.

CRONJE'S GUNS AT CAPE TOWN



When the wounded are carried from the field, they are attended to at the field hospital before being sent down to the base hospital. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele, shows men waiting to have their wounds examined at Paardeberg Drift Field Hospital.

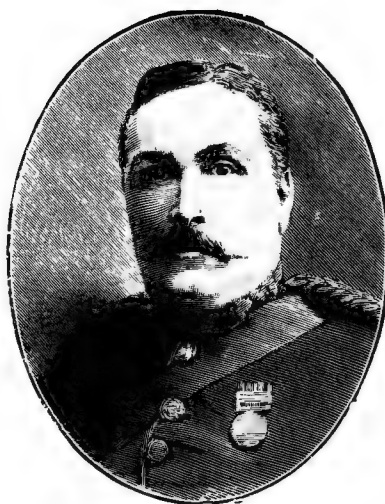
WAITING FOR THE SURGEON



THE LATE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF
ABERDEEN



SIR F. M. HODGSON
Governor of the Gold Coast, now shut up in
Kumassi



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL S. B. STEELE
Commandant of Strathcona's Horse



THE LATE MR. PETER TERRY
"Father" of the News Trade

Our Portraits

(Continued from page 539)

SERGEANT PATRICK CAMPBELL, of the Imperial Yeomanry, killed in Lord Methuen's successful engagement at Boshof, was the husband of the celebrated actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mr. Campbell spent several years in South Africa, and it was during his absence that Mrs. Campbell went on the stage and made her great success in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Our portrait is by M. Rafferty, 1st Life Guards.

Captain Cecil Boyle, of the Oxfordshire unit of Imperial Yeomanry, went to the front in December, and took with him thirty of his own horses for active service. He was a popular and enthusiastic officer, and had recently built a magnificent residence at Avon Dassett, Warwickshire. He was well known with the Warwickshire hounds, and his death is much regretted in the Midlands. Our portrait is by Hill and Saunders, Oxford.

Lord Methuen, in mentioning officers worthy of reward for conduct in the field, particularly drew attention to the case of Lieutenant Cuthbert, of the 1st Scots Guards, his extra aide-de-camp, who showed great coolness when taking a message from Lord Methuen to the Gordon Highlanders. A volley was fired at him killing his horse, whereupon he took off wallets and saddle and returned, leaving the General to learn from others how he had behaved. Our portrait is by Bullingham, South Kensington.

Mr. Peter Terry, the father of the news trade, was in his ninety-fifth year. In 1818 he founded the wholesale newspaper branch of the business of Terry and Co. at its present address in Hatton Garden. Mr. Terry was the chief founder of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, and would often relate how news-vendors in 1818 had to wait for their copies of the *Times*, which was then worked on one machine at the rate of 1,100 copies an hour, and that only on one side. Our portrait is by F. Thurston, Luton.

Lieutenant Balfour MacNaghten of the 12th (Royal) Lancers was educated at Eton. He was two years in the West Yorkshire Militia, at York, and when there, at the age of only eighteen, saved two men from drowning, nearly losing his own life in doing so. For his bravery he obtained the Humane Society medal. He joined the 12th (Royal) Lancers in 1898, and went out to South Africa in October last. He had command of the Maxim gun at Magersfontein, and started off in the morning at six o'clock with seven horses and four troopers, five horses and three troopers being shot during the day, but he never left the gun till seven in the evening when firing ceased. He was most highly praised for his gallant conduct by Lord Methuen and his Colonel, Lord Airlie, and was mentioned in despatches. Since then Lieut. MacNaghten has been galloper for General Broadwood, and when conveying messages had several narrow escapes. On one occasion his horse was shot dead under him. Another time, under heavy fire, when the 12th Lancers had been ordered to retire and all were getting away as fast as they could, he saw a Highlander lying on the ground seriously wounded.

With great difficulty he managed to get the wounded man on his own horse and led him safely into camp, although bullets were flying all around them. Our portrait is by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly.

Colonel Montagu C. Curry, of the 1st Devon Regiment, who has been made Commandant of Ladysmith, was born in 1856, and served at Jullundur in 1897. Our portrait is by Browning, Exeter.

Sir Frederic Mitchell Hodgson, K.C.M.G., is the Governor and



On March 8 a gold-fringed Standard and four silken guidons were presented to Strathcona's Horse at Ottawa. The guidons were the gift of the ladies of the Civil Service, and bear the regimental motto, "Perseverance," and crest, a beaver on a maple leaf. Our sketch is by F. E. Bawdan

STANDARD AND GUIDONS PRESENTED TO STRATHCONA'S
HORSE

Commander-in-Chief Gold Coast Colony. Fear was entertained for a short time as to his safety when news came that, with Lady Hodgson, he was shut up in Kumasi, and that all the Ashanti tribes were in arms. The uprising came about in connection with the discovery of the Ashanti Golden Stool, of which the Governor made an ineffectual attempt to gain possession. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Countess Dowager of Aberdeen was the last survivor of the children of Mr. Baillic, of Jerviswoode, whose eldest daughter was

wife of the Marquis of Breadalbane, who was Lord Chamberlain the earlier part of the Queen's reign, and it was at Taymouth Castle, April 8, 1840, that her marriage with the fifth Earl of Aberdeen took place. As the Prime Minister's daughter-in-law, Lady Hamilton as she then was, became well acquainted with most of the prominent men of the Crimean epoch. She survived her husband thirty years. Lady Aberdeen was eighty-five years of age. Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

Colonel Sam Steele, commanding Lord Strathcona's Horse, distinguished himself when Riel made his second and last attempt to raise the standard of rebellion in Canada. Major Steele (as he then was) was specially commended in his despatches by General Strange, who commanded the western column, and under whom Steele's Scouts were raised. He speaks of them as "the eyes, ears, and feelers" of the Alberta field force. Disbanded at the close of the campaign, Steele's scouts have been resuscitated by the patriotic liberality and foresight of Lord Strathcona, who has placed them under their beloved old chief—the beau ideal of a western scout leader. Since the rebellion Colonel Steele has done rough and difficult service in the Rocky Mountains, and in Klondyke as Commissioner of Mounted Police. At the time of Riel's second revolt, three columns marched and fought from the Canadian Pacific Railway to near the Arctic Circle, about as far as Cape Town to Pretoria. The leader of the centre column, Colonel Otter, now commands the Canadian contingent on the Modder, and Colonel Sam Steele, with Strathcona's Horse, is on his way thither.

"The Tempest"

THE imaginative spirit which pervades Shakespeare's play of *The Tempest* can hardly be said to be entirely preserved in Mr. Benson's revival at the Lyceum. The scenes in the enchanted island are rather overburdened with scenic displays of a sort with which the Christmas entertainments have made us too familiar, and the acting generally does not rise far above mediocrity. Mr. Frank Rodney, however, who plays the part of Prince Ferdinand, has youth and a good presence on his side, and he was able to impart to the exquisite love passages with Miranda, played by Mrs. Benson, the needful touch of poetry and grace. Among the male parts Prospero has generally been accounted the lawful prize of the autocratic actor-manager, but Mr. Benson has left that part to Mr. Alfred Brydone—a sound and painstaking actor, who speaks his lines distinctly and with correct emphasis—while he has taken to himself the part of Caliban, and even favoured us with what is called "a new reading." Altogether the revival, in spite of sundry shortcomings, deserves the cordial welcome that it has won; for the glorious dream of Prospero, Miranda and Prince Ferdinand in the Enchanted Isle has long been neglected by managers, and seems not to have been presented on any stage in the regular way since the revival at the Gaiety, with Mr. Phelps as Prospero and Mr. Rignold as Caliban, five-and-twenty years ago.

W. M. T.



THE LATE SERGEANT P. CAMPBELL
Killed at Pietfontein



LIEUTENANT BALFOUR MACNAGHTEN
Specially mentioned in Lord Methuen's despatch



COLONEL M. C. CURRY
Military Governor of Ladysmith



LIEUTENANT J. H. CUTHBERT
Specially mentioned in Lord Methuen's despatch



THE LATE CAPTAIN CECIL BOYLE
Killed at Boshof

The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

NOT since the business of the day related either to Land or the Church has the House of Lords been so shaken to its centre as befell in connection with a trifling incident that marked the approach to the holidays. The Lords, meeting at a quarter past four, do not approach public business till half-past. The interval is appropriated for prayers and private Bills. Oftener than not, during the Session, prayers have been said in the morning, when nominally the whole House, really two or three Law Peers, sit as an Appellate Court. The Court always opens with prayer, and lay Lords who are not present in the morning are assumed to be vicariously blessed. Anyhow, when prayers have been said in the morning they are not repeated in the afternoon.

On the particular occasion referred to there were no prayers at the ordinary sitting of the House, nor was there any controversial private business. The real work before the House was the passing of the Army Annual Bill through a stage, with a view of getting it through before Parliament separated for the Easter Holidays. Awaiting the stroke of half-past four, when public business might be taken up, the Premier went over to the Woolsack and, seating himself beside the Lord Chancellor, had a little gossip with the noble Lord. On the stroke of half-past four Lord Salisbury went back to his place, and it was expected that Lord Lansdowne, who sat near him, would move the second reading of the Army Annual Bill. He was about to do so when Lord Salisbury interposed, and moved that the House do now adjourn. The Lord



As soon as the cry went up that "Long Tom" was beginning to fire the women and children were packed off to shelters, some of which, called "dug-outs," consisted of hollows burrowed in rising ground or in mounds of debris from mines

FAMILIES SHELTERING IN "DUG-OUTS" IN TYBURN STREET



Whole families sheltered in underground tunnels whenever the Boers shelled the town. As the residential part of the town was a favourite target, the shelters ultimately became dwellings

A SHELTER FROM THE BOER 100-POUND SHELLS

Chancellor put the question, and to the amazement of the few peers present, and the consternation of the Clerks at the Table, the sitting was over.

The incident did not escape watchful eyes in the Press Gallery. In the next morning's papers there were half a dozen independent accounts of what had taken place. These the Lord Chancellor met with the declaration that it was "an absurd statement." It may have been so. All the same it was found necessary to suspend the Standing Orders, making at the same sitting two bites at the cherry of the Army Annual Bill, whereas had the second reading been taken on the night for which it was set down matters would have pursued their ordinary course.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has beaten the record by delivering two Budget speeches in the same Session. The first, dating some five weeks back, when the Budget was introduced, dealt with estimates of revenue and expenditure. The second, following the close of the financial year, was based upon accomplished facts. The difference was marked, testifying afresh to the marvellous resources of the nation. In that brief interval a sum of not less than four millions sterling in excess of estimates poured into the Treasury. This was largely due to the eagerness of merchants and traders anxious to clear out of bond dutiable articles on which was anticipated an increase of taxation. When we remember the bitter complaints made by persons who, having waited for hours with big cheques in hand to clear goods, found the closing hour upon them ere they reached the counter, it is evident that with another day to spare the four millions would have vastly increased. As it was, it was gathered in chiefly from the day and a half—a Monday and a Saturday—to which the strategy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer

limited the opportunity of the far-seeing dealer. The trouble to the Chancellor of the Exchequer is that these four millions paid in in the closing weeks of the financial year 1899-1900 are taken out of the estimated income of the succeeding year. But for the scare, duties dumped down within forty-eight hours would have been extended over weeks, even months of the new year. The consequence was that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was compelled to recast his estimates for the new year, considerably reducing his avowed expectation of revenue both from Customs and Excise.

On Monday night both Houses adjourned for the Easter recess. The House of Commons will not reassemble till the 26th inst. The House of Lords, naturally more exhausted with their legislative labours, will take an additional four days. It was originally planned that the Commons should sit over Tuesday night. That turned out to be one of those diplomatic devices which the present Leader learned at the feet of that guileless statesman, Mr. W. H. Smith. There was threatened difficulty in nominating the Committee on Municipal Trading. The big Corporations put up their members to protest against what they regarded as an inroad on their privileges. At one time the Opposition, with a foot firmly planted in either political camp, looked so threatening that withdrawal of the proposal was anticipated. Mr. Arthur Balfour had this Tuesday a card up his sleeve, and played it with a dexterity that deserved the success it achieved. The Committee, he said, must be nominated before the adjournment for the recess. It might well be discussed on Tuesday, the 10th, but if members liked to deal with it in the day's work of Friday there would be no occasion to sit on the Tuesday, members going off for the holiday at the close of Monday's sitting. This was too much for municipal loyalty and virtue. The obnoxious Committee was nominated on Friday, after a moderately brief discussion. A considerable proportion of members not thinking it worth while to return to town for Monday's sitting, dated their holiday from that night, whilst a faithful few, having spent a dull night on Monday dealing with the Agricultural Holdings Bill, went off cheered by the prospect of the longest Easter Holiday of modern times.



Otto's kopje is a diamond mine, and the tailings from the works afforded excellent material for entrenchments, of which our gunners were not slow to take advantage

A SEVEN-POUNDER IN ACTION ON OTTO'S KOPJE

SCENES IN KIMBERLEY DURING THE SIEGE

From Photographs by M. Bennett, Kimberley

"Place aux James"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

FASHIONS in hair-dressing go far towards rendering women attractive. The piquant small features and round faces of Frenchwomen enable them to wear almost any style with advantage to themselves. In England we must exercise greater caution. In Paris the hair is dressed in a kind of halo, for which large modulations are necessary. Little love-locks wander here and there on the forehead, a waved curl falls lightly on the brow, but the effect of the dressing is ample, and the heavy fringe is a thing of the past.

With these wide coiffures all kinds of hats are worn. The brims are large but crumpled into every variety of shape—three-cornered, shepherdess, tall-crowned, etc. Fruit is a favourite ornament. Sometimes the colour of the dainty straw corresponds with the fruit and flowers. Sometimes it serves as a contrast. But tulle, gauze, chiffon and flowers are the most appropriate materials for summer wear.

Lace and embroidery are the rage. Every gown is tucked or embroidered, sometimes it is both. Lovely pale tints prevail, a kind of periwinkle blue, or a delicate red mauve. The ixia, the flower of the African veldt, is to be the fashionable flower of the season, and a perfume called by this name possesses a novel and delicious odour.

If we are not good cooks in England, at least it cannot be said we are not imaginative in our essays. Not content with book teas and other frivolities, a culinary expert gave recently a demonstration where all the dishes represented light literature. Thus, "Plain Tales from the Hills" was ox-tail soup; "The Absent-minded Beggar" (that poor, done-to-death personage) was calves' head with the brains abstracted; "A Winning Hazard" meant quenelles of chicken in the shape of cards, with truffles cut in the form of hearts and diamonds upon them; the "House of Hidden Treasure" was a cottage, made of sugar, containing bananas and other fruits with cream; "When Leaves were Green" suggested a nest with little eggs; "Ships that Pass in the Night" were made of pastry, with sails complete, containing a palatable savoury of cheese.

But to the true epicure such things mean triviality and folly. Dining is far too serious a matter to be treated lightly. Even the *pièces montées*, as the French call such things, are not popular on ordinary foreign dinner tables, and serve only to display the subtlety and wit of the cook on gala occasions.

Over-elaboration is the fault of our English *cordons-bleus*, they look for appearances rather than reality, and make up for want of flavour with a variety of ingredients and shows that please the eye. A good *consommé*, a tasty *pot-au-feu*, still remains an unknown quantity in the English cuisine, and the French *bourgeoise* can score easily over her British sister. The French Vicomte who is serving in the ranks of the Boers, tells us how he and another French Marquis always did their own cooking, and how their mess was the best in the army. They were even able to teach the Kaffir servants to make a creditable *pot-au-feu*. This, and the proper cooking of vegetables and stewing of meat, is what our culinary instructors should aim at teaching. As for sweets, they seem to come by instinct to British cooks, all except the omelette, which, easy as it is to make, severely taxes the ability of the English female.

"Ian McLaren," or the Rev. John Watson, to give him his real name, is the minister who has been able to raise the largest contributions from his congregation of any preacher living. He also brings tears to the eyes of his hearers more copiously than anyone else. But he seems, as has been the case with many divines, Samuel Wilberforce for instance, to have also a very pretty vein of humour. A correspondent writes that he could scarcely eat his dinner for laughing in the company of the

reverend gentleman, whose wit is as remarkable as his eloquence. Mr. Watson is devotedly fond of dogs; he has created a little cemetery for his pets, and to his present dog, a terrier, almost blind, he shows the tenderest of sympathy and attention. He has frequently promised him a decent burial. Gentle playfulness and a kindly manner are the appanage of true piety as exemplified in many cases of real life and in the charming pages of the "Vicar of Wakefield" or "L'Abbé Constantine." Is it the sense of security in a future life which gives such freedom and zest to the spirit of man in the present?

At the annual meeting of the Y.M.C.A., held at Exeter Hall

Tommy's Nurses

THE WORK OF AN ARMY SISTER

"I WAS born in barracks to the sound of the bugle, have for twenty-five years in military hospitals, and I hope to see the soldier's funeral," said one of the veterans of the Army Nursing Service before she left to gather fresh laurels in South Africa. Military nurses are the daughters of officers, and are real soldiers to the soldier. They nurse his wounds, write his letters, admire the latest baby, and stand godmother, too, to general infants militant. "It's sister here and sister there"—to put it like Kipling—and sister is always "at attention," ready to serve

soldier in any capacity. There are many for this branch of the nursing profession but vacancies few.

We have always a standing list of 13,000 soldiers on the list. The Army Nursing Service—which must not be confused with the Reserve Corps—consists of some sixty sisters, two of whom are the superintendents, and the others are "Lady Superintendents." Miss Norman, of Netley, is one. In addition there is the Indian Nursing Service, and a distinct Indian Nursing Service for the care of soldiers in India only. If Tommy has a casting vote the Army Sisters would be trebled. As a calculating African soldier at the Wolkeba Hospital put it, "Sister's got a sick chaps on her hands. It's just 4 4-5th of a minute to ease us. There's many worse than us, but I'd rather be worse to have a real lady abart my bed. It's a knock out to be nursed by a recruit." Officially the Army Sister observes an eight-hour day. But a good deal of irregular duty is done, since she will not put off a bad case with the tiny fraction of her time a strict keeping to duty hours would involve. The routine nursing of the wards is done by male orderlies. Young recruits enter the wards at eighteen, and are trained and supervised by the Army Sisters. But the latter watch the worst cases, give all medicines and stimulants, and attend to the finer branches of the nursing art. Tommy is sometimes accused of malingering. He often does it to get "more of the Sister." He soon finds out the difference between the nursing of a lady and that of a new joined private.

The wholesome camaraderie between sisters and soldiers makes the hospital "better than a home," at any rate to barrack-housed bachelor Tommies. Netley is the nursing kindergarten of the Army Sisters. Accepted candidates of British parentage or naturalised citizens—who must be between 25 and 30 years of age, "of good social standing, and desirable persons to enter a service composed of ladies"—serve a six months' probation in the Netley wards. Netley is not a training school in the ordinary sense of the term, since probationer Army Sisters must hold the three-year certificate of a civil hospital before being taken on trial. If the pupils on probation show aptitude for military nursing they await at Netley nomination as Army Sister to a soldiers' hospital. The Medical Director-General appoints, promotes and dismisses. American inventiveness has stationed a medical woman in the War Office at Washington, who is responsible for the Army Nursing Staff. There are no women in the English War Office. Nurses who

regard their calling from the loaves and fishes point of view do not enter the Army. The salary begins at 30*l.* a year, rising by 2*l.* annual increase to 50*l.* A Superintendent Sister of a Military Hospital has a salary ranging from 60*l.* to 80*l.*, according to the number of beds. The only prize from a business standpoint is the Superintendency of Netley Hospital, which carries with it a salary of 300*l.* Rations, laundry, quarters, and lights are furnished, and the picturesque scarlet and grey uniforms provided by Government. Each sister takes her turn on foreign duty, doing a term of five years at a military station, such as Gibraltar, Malta, or Egypt. Before going on foreign service they are inoculated with typhoid serum, and at all times undergo periodic re-vaccination. The Sisters are just as keen for active war service as Atkins and his officers. It somewhat dims the dramatic effect of the illustrations occasionally appearing of nurses picking up bodies from a battlefield to learn that Army Sisters do not "go to the front." Twelve miles is the nearest to the actual fighting line that any Sister has ever



GIRL'S COSTUME.—Cream taffetas spotted with blue. Bodice and skirt made with close flat pleats, tight sleeves pleated to match at wrist and shoulder. Bolero of Irish lace edged by a fold of blue taffetas and worn over a muslin chemisette. A long white feather curls round the straw hat.

TOILETTE FOR AFTERNOON CALLS.—Foulard printed in a floral pattern, having the fashionable pleated skirt with a ribbon ruche half-way down, keeping the pleats together. Bodice trimmed with similar ruches and opening over a white embroidered vest, the deep collar being to match. Fichu and belt of black taffetas, cream straw hat trimmed with black velvet and flowers.

SPRING TOILETTES

last week, one of the speakers warned girls against the temptations of drink, dreaminess, and despondency. There is no doubt these three factors enter largely into the failure of women's lives. An attitude of pessimism unbraces the mind, renders it liable to despair, and takes away the energy which accomplishes victory. A cheerful spirit will do more to command success in life than even talent or ability without it; while many a girl dreams away the precious hours which would have been better spent in doing something tangible. Drink, too, does not only mean gin and whiskey; there is tea-drinking, wrecking to the nerves, stimulants of all kinds, from sal volatile to chloral, and the indulgence in the decadent, morbid frame of mind that leads women of weak moral fibre to fly to such remedies. When sleep leaves us, it is not chloral we want, but early hours, quiet and repose of mind and quantities of fresh air. The air cure is the finest health giver in the world, but, alas! in city life we are apt to forget it.

ASTOUNDING SUCCESS in the
TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

MARVELLOUS RESULTS.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month, with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one or two pounds daily as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the very root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that on sending fourpence in stamps (cost of postage) a book entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals—British and foreign—and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Sq., London, W.C.—*Belfast News-Letter*.

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13 0 by 9 0	0 6 6 0	14 0 by 11 0	8 6 0
11 0 by 10 0	0 6 15 0	15 0 by 11 0	8 10 0
12 0 by 10 0	0 6 6 0	13 0 by 12 0	8 5 0
13 6 by 10 0	0 7 0 0	14 0 by 12 0	8 15 0
12 0 by 11 0	0 7 0 0	16 0 by 12 0	10 0 0
13 0 by 11 0	0 7 12 0		

SIZES.	PRICES.	SIZES.	PRICES.
Ft. in. Ft. in. £ s. d.	Ft. in. Ft. in. £ s. d.	Ft. in. Ft. in. £ s. d.	Ft. in. Ft. in. £ s. d.

7 6 by 5 2	2 2 6 0	11 0 by 5 3	6 4 0
7 9 by 5 2	2 14 0	12 8 by 8 1	6 5 0
7 6 by 6 3	2 17 0	11 3 by 9 5	6 8 0
9 6 by 6 0	3 6 0	11 0 by 9 5	6 10 0
8 7 by 7 0	3 10 0	12 2 by 9 1	7 2 0
8 10 by 7 1	3 13 0	11 0 by 9 10	7 3 0
9 5 by 7 3	4 4 0	12 11 by 9 6	7 4 0
10 4 by 7 5	4 14 0	12 4 by 10 7	7 1 0
10 4 by 7 7	5 0 0	12 11 by 10 2	7 14 0
11 0 by 8 0	5 2 0	13 1 by 9 11	8 7 0
12 2 by 8 11	5 3 0	13 11 by 10 1	9 0 0
9 7 by 8 6	5 4 0	14 11 by 10 8	9 9 0
10 11 by 7 11	5 6 0	11 0 by 11 6	10 6 0
11 5 by 7 3	5 7 0	14 11 by 12 2	11 12 0
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"She's like a sentry, Sister is," said a disconsolate soldier whose friends were detected in the act of secreting a flask of contraband brandy under his pillow, "and she'd rather have been shot than let me have it. I wanted it bad, but she stood to her duty like a soldier, bless her!" At the present time nearly all the regular Nursing Sisters are in South Africa—"each of 'em doing her country's work"—and the nursing in the Military Hospitals at home is being done by Nurse Reservists. The decoration of the Red Cross is the ambition of every Army nurse. Some of the Sisters already possess this in addition to the Ashanti and Egyptian Stars and Zulu war medal. Doubtless, at the end of the present campaign, many Army nurses will receive a South African decoration for services rendered to the gentlemen in khaki falling sick.

The Late Ghazi Osman Pasha

GHAZI OSMAN PASHA, though of late he had sunk into obscurity, scarcely illumined a short time since by the announcement of his being about to take the field against the Greeks, at one time enjoyed a reputation as great as it was deserved. One of the few great military commanders of the present age, his name will go down for ever associated with one of the most memorable sieges of modern or any other days. At the opening of the Russo-Turkish war, Osman, with his command, was at Widdin operating against the Servians, and when the Russians crossed the Danube he was swift to grasp the importance of his position. He lay with his army on their right flank, and his proposal to advance against the invader receiving the hearty assent of the Sultan, he at once set out with his corps. His artillery was numerous and in excellent order, and his men thoroughly seasoned to fighting. It was at Plevna itself that he first came in touch with the enemy, and he drove out the weak force opposed to him. That done, Osman and his staff were not slow to perceive the military advantages of the country immediately surrounding the unknown little Bulgarian town, whose name is now famous in the annals of war. The first entrenchments were commenced immediately, and resisted all attempts to dislodge him. It was in July that Osman reached Plevna. Not until September were the Russians in a position to attack in force what had then grown to be an entrenched camp, skilfully planned, and of great strength. The attack of September 14, 1877, by the Russians, and its repulse with the terrific loss of nearly 20,000 men, is one of the most tremendous military events of the century. It became evident to the Tsar and to Todleben, the hero of Sebastopol, who was summoned to take

charge of the siege operations, that Plevna could only be reduced by close investment—ringed round and starved out. And so it was, but not until December. In that month, on the 10th, all attempts to relieve him having failed, Osman made a sortie with his entire garrison—what was left of it—and, after a desperate battle, was compelled to surrender. He himself was wounded, but the struggle was carried on until all resistance became hopeless, and would have resulted in annihilation of his force. After the surrender he was greeted with cheers and cries of "Bravo, Osman," by his captors. The Tsar returned him his sword, Osman was sent to Charkoff, and,



THE LATE GHAZI OSMAN PASHA
THE DEFENDER OF PLEVNA

after the war was over, returned to Constantinople to receive every possible honour the Sultan had to bestow. From that day to this he has been but a name. Whatever he might have done in the way of serving the fallen fortunes of his country and identifying himself with the Young Turkey party was prevented by the Sultan, who took care that he should never have opportunity to indulge in anything but luxurious idleness. For one brief hour, as before mentioned, he seemed about to emerge, but almost before he took up the reins the task of scattering the Greeks had been accomplished by Edhem Pasha. Our portrait is by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

Fifty Years of "Punch"

It is the lot of few papers to have a more interesting history than *Punch*. As much a national institution as the *Times*, commentator on public events and a shrewd chronicler of feeling anent all the political crises, fashions, fads, and the hour, *Punch* occupies a unique position. The historian gather almost as much from its pages as the scientist from the laboratory, while to run over a list of the names of contributors to be brought in contact with a considerable number of known names in literature and art during the past half-century. These are all reasons which commend the handsome volume of the first fifty years of the paper [1841-1891], now printed by the proprietors from the original plates, is now issued to the public by the *Times* on the same principle of such favour in the case of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," to make the *Punch* library the more complete, the publishers have very handsomely added to the series a fine reprint of Mr. M. H. Spielmann's "History of *Punch*," at once a monument of research, and a fascinating glimpse behind the scenes of the working, personnel and growth of the ever-popular and long journal. Mr. Spielmann clears away the mists surrounding the origin and birth of *Punch*, and establishes its parentage for all time. He reproduces in facsimile the original prospectus (in Mark Lemon's handwriting), and some of the early covers. He details the chilly reception which the new paper met with, and describes the uphill of the first little band of workers to make it go when the circulation stuck at six thousand, when thousand was the minimum at which it would pay. It was the "Almanac" that worked the change; the circulation rose the week from six thousand to ninety thousand, and from that time there was never any looking back. One has not time to space to follow Mr. Spielmann through all the interesting matter which he has brought together—chat about famous contributors, traditions of the dinners, biographical notes on the present staff, details about suppressed pages and rejected contributions, and gossip about those circumstances in the history of the paper which have most excited comment. Perhaps nothing in the whole history of *Punch* more reflects the spirit which animates proprietors and contributors, and which makes the paper something on a different footing to any other publication, than the little story told by Mr. Spielmann about Percival Leigh, the man who, among other services, introduced John Leech to the editor. For a long while before Leigh's death his copy had been useless, yet everything was done to spare him the pain of rejection. At first Mr. Burnand and Mr. A' Beckett would rewrite the paragraphs:—

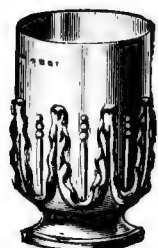
And Leigh's delight when they were printed was sad to see. But soon it was impossible to conceal the fact that they were utterly useless; and so for some years it was the practice to set his "copy" up in type and to send him proof, which he duly corrected and returned. But they never appeared in the paper, nor was even question asked nor explanation offered. Did the old gentleman forget all about them? Or was he hoping against hope that some day room might again be found for him in the pages to which he had contributed with so much applause? Or did he appreciate the real motive and kindly feeling of the proprietors, who, though they could not use his work, actually increased his salary?

Finally, not the least merit of Mr. Spielmann's volume is that it infallibly sends the reader to the bookcase wherein rest the twenty-five companion volumes with their handsome red covers so closely packed with the best of all humour, the humour that wears well and invokes pleasant memories.

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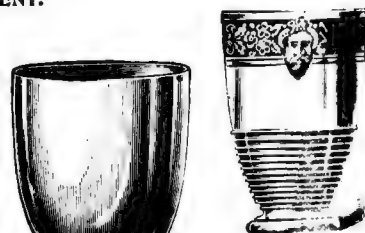
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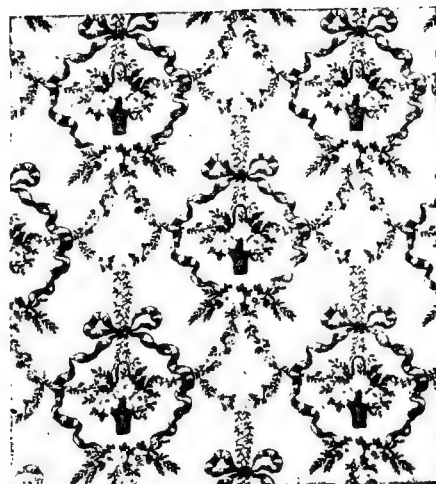
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Colonel G. Robley, the well-known authority on Maori tattooing, writes:—"The New Zealand contingent now serving in South Africa will, perhaps, not expect to see the President of the Transvaal decorated like the late Maori King, Tawhiao, but it cannot be denied that the amount of cheek would lend itself to vast designs in tattooing, meandering like his own in tortuous lines."

FOR THE NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT

New Novels

"THE WHITE QUEEN"

BLUNDERING boobies may not be very interesting in real life; but there can be no question of their place in the affections of readers of historical romances, and of the charming ladies who in first chapters are their baby sweethearts and in last chapters become their adoring wives. Mr. Russell Garnier, in "The White Queen" (Harper and Brothers), namely, the sister of Henry VIII., who, when the widow of the French King Francis, married Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk—does not quite follow the usual lines. He attaches himself to the fortunes not of one blundering booby, but of three; and the first-chapter sweetheart of the completest of them is left, in the last, to mourn his death for the sake of another woman. For the rest, the romance is after the regulation pattern of its kind, with plenty of fighting, court-intrigue, and situation following situation at such continually increasing pace as to prevent the reader from stopping to think, or even to breathe. That, after all, is the whole purpose of the business: the secret of success in it seems to have become thoroughly well understood, and by Mr. Garnier at least as well as any previous practitioner.

"THE REALIST"

The central personage of Mr. Herbert Flowerdew's "Modern Romance," entitled "The Realist" (John Lane), is one Auguste Zant, a famous French novelist, who obtains what he would doubtless call his "human documents" by the method credited to Parrhasius. That is to say, even as the Greek painter tortured his slave in order to get at the true realism of the subject of his picture, so does M. Zant put live victims to every required sort of mental and moral torture in order to convey truthfulness into his novels. He has thus become a very wizard in his faculty of thought reading, and a supreme genius in the art of practical joking—for to this, after all, it all comes, though on a grand scale. Unlike most practical jokers, however, his unerring psychological instinct—he being *bon diable* at bottom—tells him when and how to stop before his experiments end in tragedy. There is a considerable interest, of a grimly sensational sort, in the various situations, which may be concisely described as a series of humorous nightmares.

"A DAUGHTER OF LILITH"

A mysterious personage, hideously named Azubah von Eggelstein, is the principal figure in A. M. Judd's "A Daughter of Lilith" (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co.)—so styled because she is actually the daughter of Adam by the demon Lilith, who had been his wife before Eve. Madame von Eggelstein is therefore very nearly as old as creation, her occupation being to maintain her youth and beauty upon the abominable provender of a Ghoul by night, and upon promiscuous flirtation by day. That a being of such experience should be capable of self-effacement for the sake of an ordinary middle-aged British Baronet may seem something of an anti-climax; but we have not sufficient knowledge of the race of Lilith to say how far they may resemble or differ from the daughters of Eve. Still just that sense of a machinery out of all proportion to its intended effect is the fault of a work which is far from unpoetically conceived. It is the sort of thing that imperatively requires not only to be firmly and consistently imagined, but executed supremely well—a standard of excellence which any author may fail to reach without forfeiture of the right to much general praise.

"A MAN ADRIFT"

It is not without hesitation that we classify "A Man Adrift," by Bart Kennedy (Greening and Co.), among "New Novels." The experiences of its narrator, first as a raw hand before the mast, then on an oyster boat in Chesapeake Bay, as tramp and beggar, shoveller, underground navvy, gold miner, sojourner among the Siwash Indians, opera singer, property man—all these, and more, have such an air of simple and literal truth as to make one question whether unadorned truth could possibly seem so very true. However this may be, Mr. Kennedy's hero knows all about many little-known sides of life, and appeals very straightly indeed to the nomadic instinct which lies more or less in the depths of nearly every natural man. His own paradoxical preference for vagabondage, with all its shifts and hardships, to civilisation, even from an intellectual as well as moral standpoint, forms the burden of his narrative; but he puts it rather too strongly for adoption by persons of less robust digestion, less iron muscles, and less resourceful brains. It may be noted that his varied experiences of labour in the United States lead him, an Irishman with an inherited "prejudice against everything English," to find England "practising the principles of freedom," and America "only boasting in a

blatant way about them." However that may be, he is generally instructive and always entertaining.

"ONE QUEEN TRIUMPHANT"

The imagination of an interview between Queen Elizabeth I., Mary Queen of Scots, is an inevitable temptation to almost any author who has an imagination to exercise. We scarcely think that Frank Mathew has done adequate justice to either party to it in "One Queen Triumphant" (John Lane); but he has shown ingenuity in rendering it possible, and a corresponding comic romantic invention. His hero gets mixed up, through a connection with a lunatic brother, with the Babington conspiracy, has occasion to cross swords with Walsingham (to whom is ascribed the villainy of the piece) at midnight by the tomb of Edward the Confessor—an affair interrupted by Elizabeth in person; generally through about as many adventures as the novel chapters; and winds up by going off to Virginia with a daughter of the Queen of Scots by her marriage with Bothwell. Mr. Mathew has taken pains with his period: but his notion of Lord Burlington portrayed as a senile dotard—seems to owe something to *Sheridan's Critic* for its inspiration.



Mr. J. C. F. Johnson, well known in Australia, sold his hunter, "Bugler," to a friend and gave the purchase money to the Bushmen's Fund. Then others bought the animal at an auction, and so the buying and selling went on until £2,000 was subscribed, each purchaser giving "Bugler's" price to the fund. In our illustration the rider is Lieutenant Dyke, and Mr. Johnson is standing at the animal's head.

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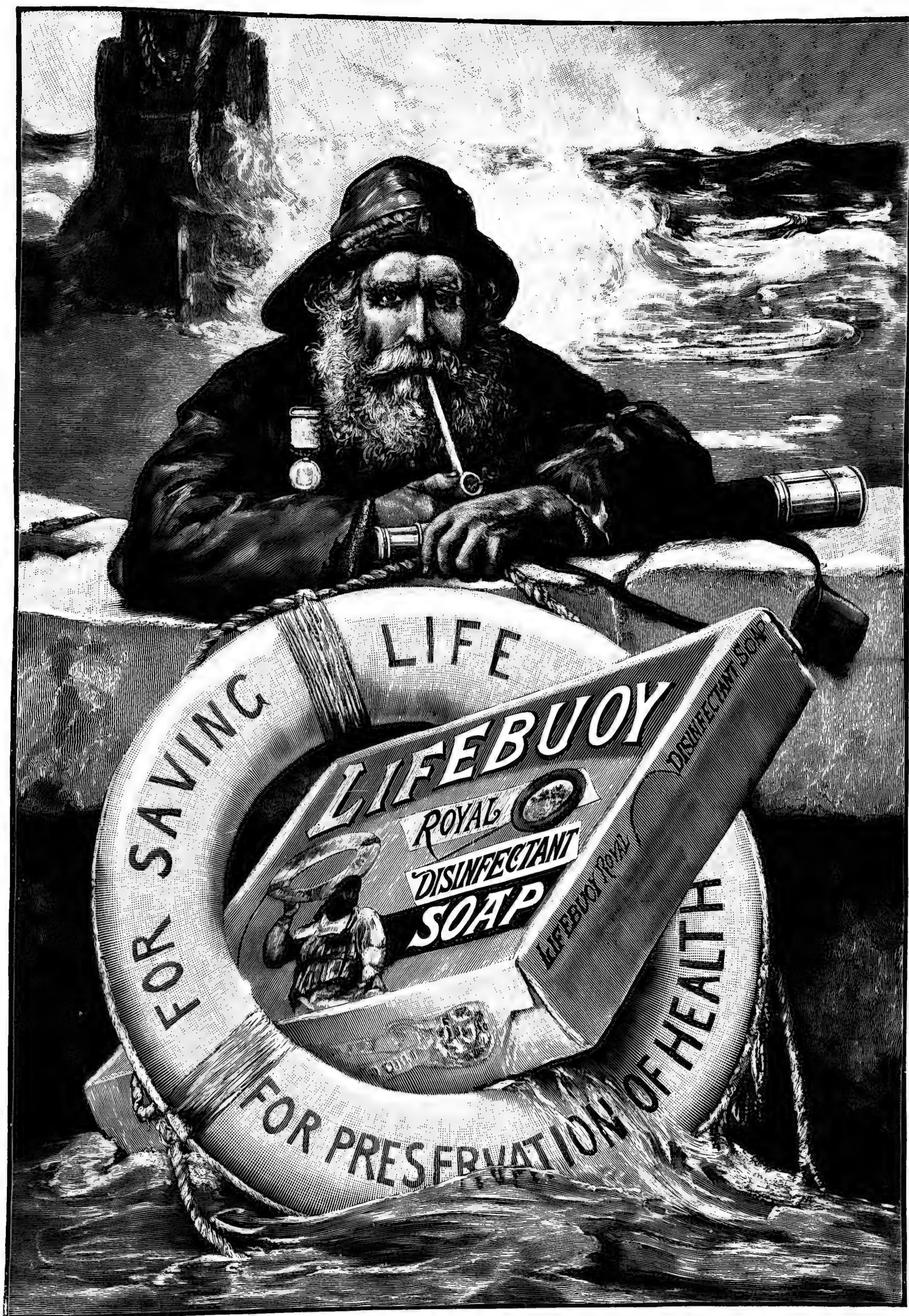
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Music of the Week

THE OPERA

MADAME CALVÉ has somewhat unexpectedly announced to Mr. Grau her ability after all to come to England at the commencement of the opera season. She has had a long tour in the United States, and railway travelling, long journeys, often in inclement weather, rather fatigued her. But a holiday in Florida has put her right again, and she hopes, therefore, to give Covent Garden at least a fortnight before she goes for the regular vacation, a decision which will be hailed with joy by the subscribers. According to present arrangements, therefore, the season will be opened by Madame Melba, on May 14, as Juliette; while, on May 17, we are to hear Madame Calvé as Carmen, on Saturday, May 17, the same distinguished artist as Santuzza in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and in the following week as Marguerite in *Faust*. Madame Melba during this fortnight will also appear as Gilda and in other parts; Madame Eames will sing Elsa in *Lohengrin*; and we are likewise, it is understood, to hear *Aida* and other Italian operas, to introduce some of the newcomers of the season. After the first two or three weeks we shall have the *Nibelungen* cycles, and it is hoped the return of M. Jean de Reszké. Madame Calvé even hopes to come back again to London towards the end of the season in July, although at present she can give no absolute promise to this effect. To the Covent Garden Company, by the way, has now been added the name of Miss Lucile Hill, who sang with the troupe in the late Sir Augustus Harris's time. Also, as Mr. Grau has, in New York, just revived Mozart's *Magic Flute* with success, we may, perhaps, fairly expect to see that neglected opera at Covent Garden in the course of the season.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS TO BE
CONTINUED

The statement that the Crystal Palace directors had given a month's notice to their orchestra (which was true), and the rumour that they intended to discontinue the famous Saturday Classical Concerts—which happily has proved baseless—caused quite a sensation in musical circles last week. We seem, indeed, just now to be passing through a period of transition. The Bach Choir is to be disbanded, and the chorus to be entirely reconstructed. The Mottl Concerts have—at any rate, as to the past winter and the coming summer—been abandoned; although it is hoped next autumn we shall see this distinguished conductor in the concert room again; at any rate, he will direct the Wagner performances at Covent Garden in June. The Monday popular Concerts have been threatened, although, fortunately, another attempt is to be made next winter to carry them on, with M. Ysaye and his Belgian Quartet. At the Crystal Palace the Orchestra was reorganised three or

four years ago, on the footing that it would be required for daily Classical Concerts, and also for evening performances. Experience has, however, shown that the ordinary visitors to the Crystal Palace do not appreciate Classical Concerts on week-day afternoons; and as the band for this purpose costs something like £140 a week, the directors are justified in avoiding the heavy expense, at any rate, during the summer season.

But music will not by any means be neglected at the Crystal Palace. In the first place, arrangements have, as we understand,

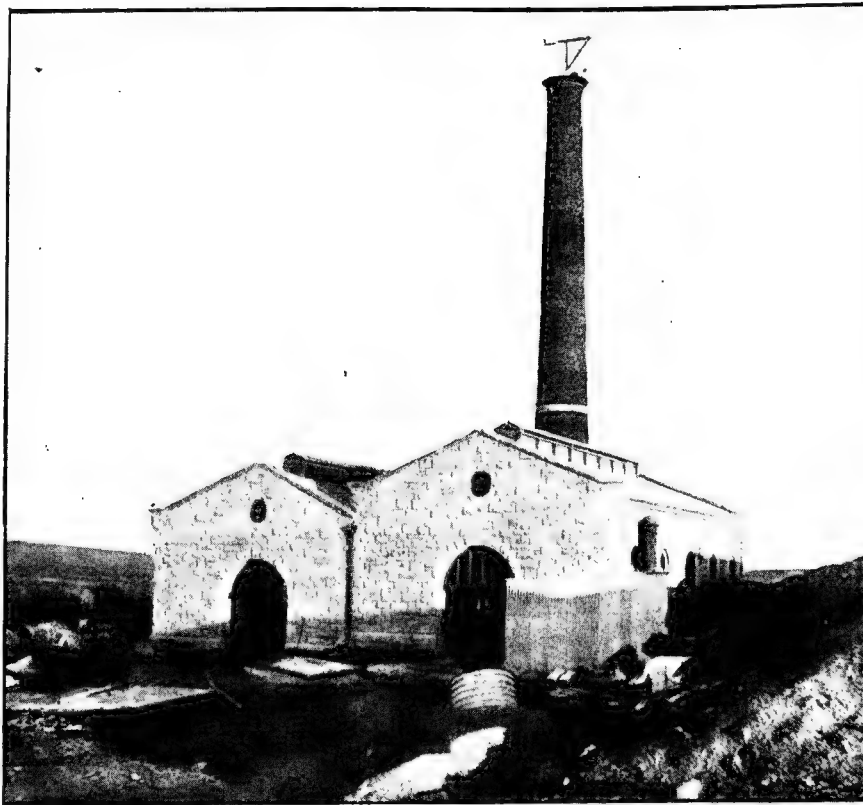
include a couple of the popular Saturday afternoons in the season, the Festival this year promises to enjoy a record attendance, in order to give official denial to ridiculous rumours, the programme book at the final Crystal Palace Concert of the season, last Saturday, contained a prominent announcement that the 45th annual of Saturday Concerts will commence in October, and that in the following month it is hoped that M. Ysaye and Herr M. Rosenthal will appear. Herr Rosenthal should have played a few weeks ago, but the concert was postponed owing to a

match, and the great German pianist returned to the Continent, where, by a strange fatality, he almost immediately afterwards attacked his old enemy, influenza, and has since been unable to appear in public. The attendance last Saturday was not so good as usual, a result which indeed anticipated, considering that the 1st of the holidays were so close at hand. The novelty was the Pianoforte Concerto in D Minor, written by the well-known American composer, Mr. I. McDowell, who, in his youth, was a pupil of Madame Carreño, the pianist who introduced this work to Sydenham. The Concerto, however, is an effort of the composer's comparative youth, and it is now more or less out of date, the movement, perhaps, being its most interesting section. Miss McIntyre at this concert gave her first appearance since her tour in 1897, and although she was not at all in voice, she gave an effective rendering of "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria" from the act of Verdi's opera, *Otello*. The chief feature of the concert, however, was the performance of Schubert's great Symphony in C, which has been a work especially sympathetic to Mr. M. who had the honour of introducing it for the first time to an English audience at the Crystal Palace, now nearly forty-three years ago.

OTHER CONCERTS

The Popular Concert season came to an end on Monday, with, however, a familiar programme. On Saturday a couple of works new to the Crystal Palace were introduced by Mr. Kruse. The 46th annual season of Popular Concerts will commence in November, when M. Ysaye will commence a long engagement.

The chief feature of the last Philharmonic Concert was the final appearance at the Philharmonic of Mr. Lloyd. This, of course, is only one of a series of farewells to London, but the popular English tenor had a most enthusiastic greeting. In the artists' room, as we understand, Mr. Lloyd was presented with the gold medal of the Philharmonic Society, a compliment which has been conferred upon comparatively few living musicians, among them, however, being Mesdames Arabella Goddard, Patti, Allard, Nilsson, Sherrington, and Bodda Pyne; Messrs. Joachim, Paderewski, and Santley. These and other concerts, to which we cannot now further refer, closed the winter season. The spring season, however, will commence almost immediately.



The Bloemfontein Waterworks are now in the hands of the Boers. It was near here that a British force was ambushed, and some four hundred officers and men were taken prisoners. Our photograph, which is by W. S. Scott, shows the pumping station on the Modder River. Bloemfontein, although the usual water supply is cut off, is supplied with water from wells, and there is no serious deficiency in the town.

THE PUMPING STATION OF THE BLOEMFONTEIN WATERWORKS

been made to hold an International Musical Exhibition from June to October. This Exhibition is intended to illustrate the progress of music during the whole of the present century, that is to say, from the time when Beethoven and Schubert flourished, and when Mozart and Haydn had been only a few years dead, through the whole of the period of Spohr and Mendelssohn, down to Wagner and the moderns. Also arrangements for the Handel Festival are now in active progress, and as the dates have been changed, so as to

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VOITURELLES DECAUVILLE

PARIS—13, BOULEVARD MALESHERBES—PARIS

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR THE VOITURELLES DECAUVILLE

Which have been classified in 1898 first in the race Paris-Amsterdam (1,550 kilometres), and in 1899 have taken the first place in the races Bordeaux-Perigueux, Pau-Biarritz, Tours, Turin, Paris-Ostend, Tour of France (2,300 kilometres), Dresden-Berlin, Innsbruck-Munich, Berlin-Leipzig.

After the brilliant success obtained by the VOITURELLES DECAUVILLE in the "Cup for Voiturelles" competed for on March 11 in a race from Paris to Rouen and back, when these Voiturelles were classed 1st, 3rd and 5th among fifty-seven competitors, the Voiturelles Decauville have just obtained another success which places them, without a doubt, in the first rank of Motor Carriages.

They have just, the 25th March, won the first and second prize, in the race Nice-Druguignan and back, and in the race of the Coast of the Turbie, the 3rd April, they have beaten the record of the world in the race Arles-Salon, where they made 100 kilometres in 107 minutes.



MR. L. RAVENEZ, WINNER OF THE RACE NICE—DRAGUIGNAN AND BACK, MARCH 26, AND THE RACE OF THE TURBIE, MARCH 27

The winner of the race, Nice-Druguignan and back, and the next day of the race of the Turbie, is the son of the esteemed President of the Council of Administration, of the Decauville, and of the Acieries of France.

Mr. L. Ravenez's son is not a professional driver, but is the manager of the Works where the Decauville Motor Cars are made at Paris. Previous to his success in the race from Nice to Druguignan and back, he had won the race from Paris to Amsterdam, and had taken 2nd prize, and third place in the general classing in competition for the above-mentioned cup, when he, on one of our Voiturelles, made the journey in 4 hours 51 minutes, travelling at a rate of 45 kilometres per hour.

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Some Books on the War

THE most important of the "war books" that have appeared lately is, undoubtedly, Mr. Bennet Burleigh's "Natal Campaign" (Chapman and Hall), a volume composed entirely of letters, all of which have already appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Burleigh is a war correspondent of great experience, and has intimate knowledge of battlefields and of camp-life. He writes fluently and powerfully, and his descriptions of the early battles of the campaign are vivid and picturesque. As a journalist, he has a happy knack of singling out those little details and incidents which go a long way towards making an effective article for his readers. In the columns of a newspaper the defects that are bound to appear in hastily written letters may be overlooked; readers know under what trying circumstances they were written, and excuse any little errors of judgment or other shortcomings. But when these letters are bound together in book form, as a permanent record of the war, these defects become more obvious and more obtrusive. Another fault we have to find is that the book only brings us down to the battle of Vaal Krantz; in fact, Mr. Burleigh has been satisfied, in this volume, to chronicle only the reverses that we have sustained in Natal—that is, if we except the engagement at Elands Laagte, of which he gives a thrilling description, and one well worth reading. It is disappointing, after wading through three hundred pages of defeat, to find that Ladysmith is still unrelieved—for the one short page of epilogue describing that event will satisfy nobody. Presumably that will be the subject of another volume. Without, in any way, reflecting upon the ability of Mr. Burleigh as a war correspondent, we cannot but feel that had he had the opportunity of revising these letters and time for calm reflection over some of his "unpleasant truths," the book would have gained greatly thereby. The volume concludes with a stirring account of the Boer assault on Ladysmith on January 6, written by Mr. P. C. McHugh.

"Towards Pretoria" (Pearson), by Mr. Julian Ralph, the Special Correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, is, like the volume mentioned above, composed, to a large extent, of matter that has already appeared in print. Mr. Ralph is a most picturesque writer, and, moreover, has a keen sense of humour, and although his book is decidedly scrappy and wanting in continuity, it is both interesting and, in parts, amusing. The work covers a great deal too much ground; in the beginning we have a short history of the Dutch in South Africa, and an account of the Boer ultimatum and armament. The author then gives a summary of the events that happened in Natal from the outbreak of the war until the retirement from Spion Kop. The principal chapters are those dealing with the battles of Belmont, Graspan, and Magersfontein, and the relief of Kimberley, at all of which the author was present. The last chapter, which tells of the capture of Bloemfontein, is probably written by some hand other than that of Mr. Ralph. The volume contains a number of exceedingly useful appendices, including a diary of the war, a list of the decorations and promotions for gallantry, a list of commanding officers, tables comparing the British and Boer ordnance, and many others.

"To Modder River with Lord Methuen" (Arrowsmith), by Alfred

Kinnear, is a small volume, hastily put together "to afford . . . the first collected account of the work done by Lord Methuen's flying column." The book, we regret to say, is worthy neither of the subject nor of the author, for it is easy to see that Mr. Kinnear is capable of better work if he allows himself more time.

Books without number have seen the light lately on the subject of the Boer and his country. Amongst them we have "Queen or President?" (Richards), a vehement indictment of Kruger, by S. M. Gluckstein. Books of this kind can do no good. What pro-Boer is likely to be convinced of the error of his opinions by these methods? To blackguard your opponent's attorney was ever considered a sign of a weak case, and, although, in this instance, the case, from our point of view, may be a strong one, the argument is poor all the same. The same remark applies to "The Boer in Peace and War" (Long), by Arthur M. Mann, a book containing many amusing anecdotes, and much that is true about the Boer, but, like the other, it is unconvincing to people of the opposite way of thinking. The day has gone by for us to be told that the Boer is nothing but an uneducated, brainless farmer; the war has enlightened us considerably on that point.

"Side-lights on South Africa" (Samson Low), by Roy Devereux, is a book that, we imagine, would never have seen the light had war not broken out in South Africa. It is an account of a journey undertaken by the author on account of health, through Cape Colony, the Transvaal, Rhodesia, and British East Africa. It is carefully written, but contains nothing that is either new, or calls for any special remarks from us.

Mr. Hamish Hendry, in his "Majuba" (Richards), gives a concise and vivid description of the battles of the Boer War of 1881, including Bronkerspruit, Tugogo, Laing's Nek, and of the final struggle in which General Colley was killed. The volume also contains a short account of the battle of Krugersdorp, where Jameson and his men fell into the hands of the Boers.

Of the more important works, we may mention Mr. A. H. Keane's "Boer States" (Methuen), in which he gives an authentic account of the Boers and their country, tracing their slow development from the landing of the raw material—the riff-raff of Dutch society, a few German adventurers, and a small number of Huguenots—down to the present day. He discourses learnedly on the strain of subtlety, called "slimness," in the Boer temperament, and tells how it was acquired. Mr. Keane has studied South Africa from every point of view, he writes with great knowledge of the climate, the native tribes, the flora and fauna of different districts, and gives the history of the slave question, the Great Trek, and subsequent developments. In short, the book is one that should be carefully studied by all who desire a thorough knowledge of the Boers and of South Africa generally.

Another volume of great value at the present time is "The Transvaal and the Boers" (Chapman and Hall), by W. E. Garrett-Fisher. In it, besides tracing the history of the Boer, their dealings with the natives, and other questions of the past, the author gives a coherent and unbiassed account of the ten years' struggle between our enemies and the Outlanders for supremacy in the Transvaal. Mr. Fisher is to be congratulated upon the calmness and absolute fairness with which he discusses the political movements that have

been the cause of so much discussion on South Africa. Its space prevents us from dealing with the work as it deserves.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the two last mentioned books, both carefully thought out and well written, are of immensely greater value to all who seriously want to get at the bottom of the Boer question, than the dozen of volumes in which our adversaries are painted in the worst possible light, with a total omission of any good quality they may possess.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

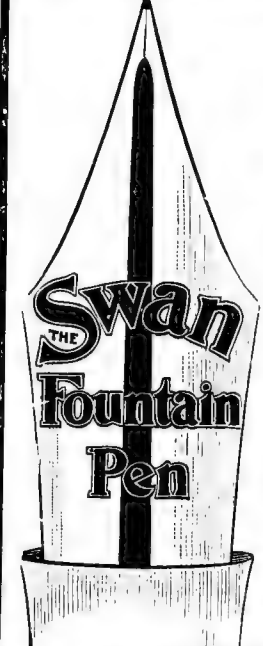
THE weather has become milder since April came in, but there is not much sunshine, and the sixty hours' deficiency in that influence which made March so cheerless has still to be made. The growth of vegetation for five weeks past has been extremely slow, the wheat and the pastures in especial being behind. The dearth of green vegetables and of flowers is remarkably the comparatively advanced date, and no spring birds have yet heard or seen. The almond blossom blackened before the east winds and night frosts of later March, and even the daffodils show seared and withered outer edges to their fls. Farmers are exceedingly dismayed by the heavy bills for cattle and sheep, owing to their failure to get a bite off the grass. These bills, in many cases, are already so heavy that even if high selling prices are realised for the animals their keep over winter will have been at a loss. This is the real cause why flocks and herds never show anything like a steady increase.

THE HEALTH OF ANIMALS

The outbreak of infectious disease which caused the East Anglian markets to be closed to cattle for February and March is held to have inflicted many thousands of pounds loss on the East Anglian farmers. It has probably cost the nation at least one hundred pounds in compensation as well, and the fees of expert inspectors have also to be considered. This being so, would it not be believed that the Government have postponed till April 30 the prohibiting live stock coming in from Argentina, a country where infectious disease was found to be raging among cattle as late as February last? That owners of cargoes now on passage should be allowed to reap their profit is the avowed motive of the Government being delayed. While the agricultural interest is thus being subordinated to the immediate commercial profit, to farmers in England will be no agreeable thing.

THE POLITICAL IMPOTENCE OF FARMERS

The agricultural interest returns over three hundred members, or very nearly half the legislature in the Lower House. It probably possesses a majority of votes in the Lords. Yet it would be futile to imagine that it exerts anything like the practical influence of the eighty-three Home Rulers in the one Chamber or of the twenty-six Bishops in the other. The reason is simple enough. An agricultural member is always a Liberal or a Conservative first, and



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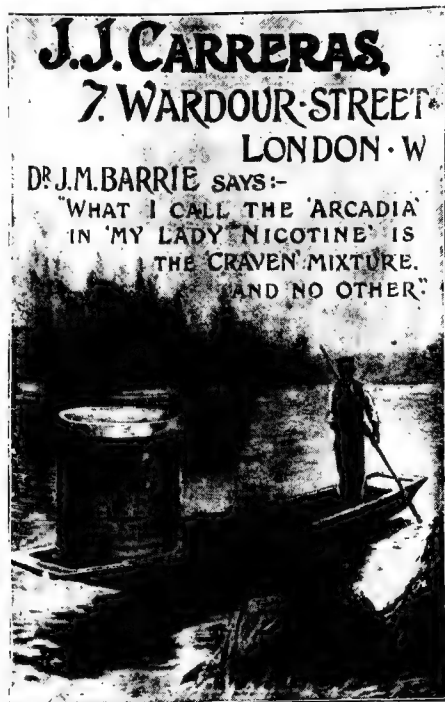
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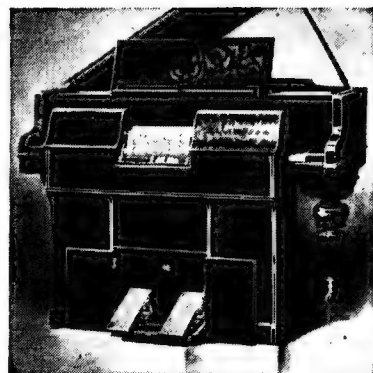
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a friend of farming afterwards, whereas the Nationalist thinks first of Ireland, just as the Bishops think first of the Church. Mr. Clare Sewell Read is the only agricultural member who has been known to sever his political connection when his party went demonstrably against interests vital to farming. The political organisations which "return" the candidates are very strong, and the member opposing them is at a great disadvantage. But this only amounts to saying that it is not for an individual to oppose an organised body, but for organisation to oppose organisation. If the great agricultural societies were to run their own candidates the position of agriculture in Great Britain would undergo a veritable transformation. The present state of affairs is driving enterprise more and more out of agriculture into commerce.

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The conviction of a lady who revealed "danger from relatives" for the exceedingly moderate fee of one guinea has started in legal

circles a strange inquiry. It would seem as though prophecy for money were *ipso facto* illegal. In that case how stands "Zadkiel," where is "Raphael" and what are to become of those patriarchs "Old Moore" and "Old Murphy"? All these reveal danger from east winds for sixpence. But it is not the amount of money that counts. Even daily forecasts which are supposed to help to sell the penny newspaper would scarcely be exempt. It may be urged that an element of science is saving in the matter, but prophets like Zadkiel "play the game" quite fairly. According to astrology Jupiter brings fine weather, Saturn cold, Mars heat and storm, Venus mostly rain. It will not be found that the astrologers desert their own *formule*. Belief in the moon influencing the weather has, we believe, no scientific basis, and there is hardly any more reason for believing in influence from sun spots.

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good and cheap meat that anything like genuine scarcity and dearth would be regarded in the light of a national affliction, with our own insufficient flocks and herds it is a trouble that come upon us at any moment. Coincident drought in Argentina and Australia might in a single season alter the whole position of the meat trade and supply. The English farmer, it should be remembered, is centuries ahead of the Australian and Argentine in his methods. The Englishman, if he has a spell of dry weather, supplies his cattle and sheep with water by hand, and, necessary, even sinks wells. The Australian and the La Plata, nothing of the kind. They simply let the animals die. In single one of the five Australian Colonies last year not more than 5,000,000 sheep, 11,000 horses, and 163,000 cattle died of drought. In all Australia, perhaps, 20,000,000 farm animals died. Unless we replenish our own flocks and herds we are at the mercy of a single season's drought on the other side of the globe.

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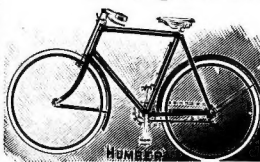


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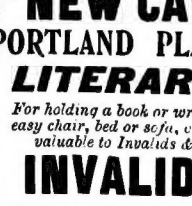
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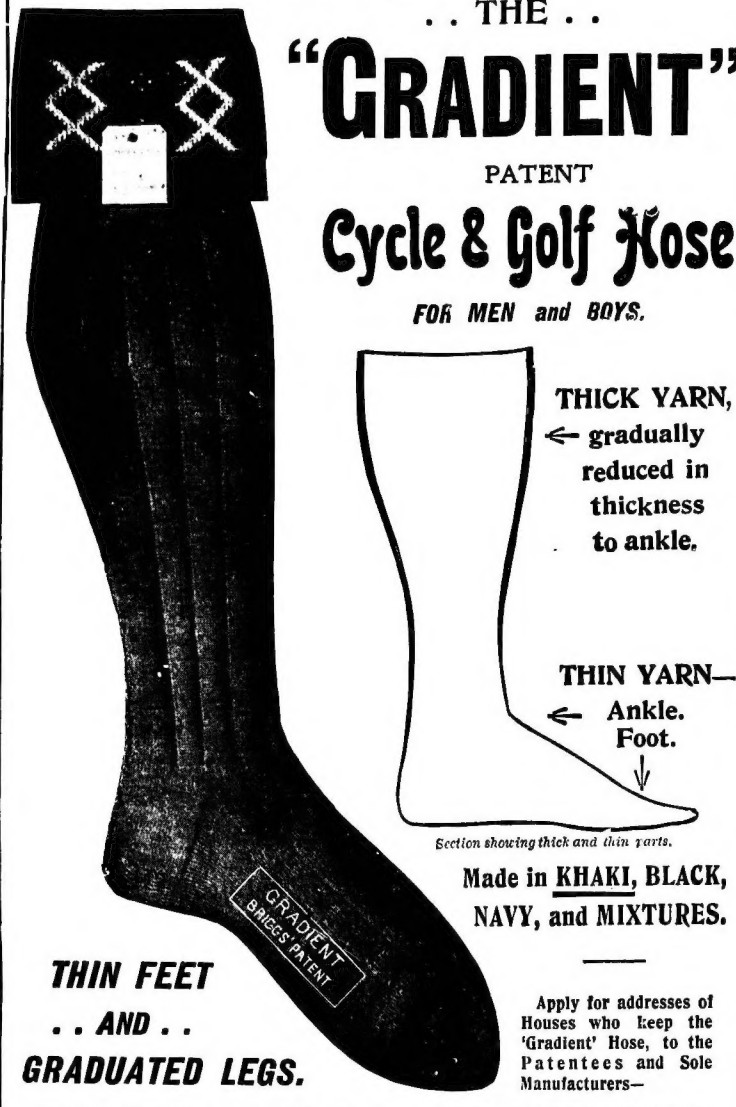
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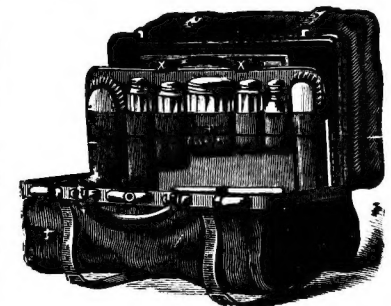
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